

SEPTEMBER

No. 5

10¢

CRACK

COMICS



THE BLACK
CONDOR



ALIAS THE
SPIDER



JANE ARDEN



NED BRANT



Starring
The CLOCK
O
MOLLY THE
MODEL
O
Ward
Wells
LEE PRESTON
And many
others



WEB COMIC
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AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING COMIC MAGAZINES

FEATURE COMICS

starring

The Doll Man Samar Lig Top
Lala Palooza Rance Keane
Zero, Ghost Detective
Reynolds Of The Mounted

CRACK COMICS

starring

The Black Condor The Clock
Alias The Spider Jane Arden
The Space Legion Ned Brant
Molly The Model

SMASH COMICS

starring

Espionage The Ray
Bozo The Robot Wings Wendall
Invisible Justice Abdul The Arab
The Purple Trio

NATIONAL COMICS

starring

Uncle Sam Merlin The Magician
Wonder Boy The Kid Patrol
Kid Dixon Pen Miller
Sally O'Neil, Policewoman

HIT COMICS

starring

Hercules The Red Bee The Strange Twins
Bob and Swab X-5 Super Agent
Betty Bates Neon, The Unknown

BUY FEATURE COMICS, SMASH COMICS, CRACK COMICS,
NATIONAL COMICS AND HIT COMICS EACH MONTH
FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSDEALER

A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,
TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHIE,
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!

THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE -
"A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY SOLLY!"

THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER -
A NIFTY HUM-DINGER,
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!

NOW THE FALL RIVER POLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT -
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!

IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE -
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSELE -
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!

Make sure your new bike
has a **MORROW**
COASTER BRAKE

Famous for 40
years! Quick stop-
ping, easy pedal-
ing, long coasting!
more ball bear-
ings (20) than any
other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike - ask for it!

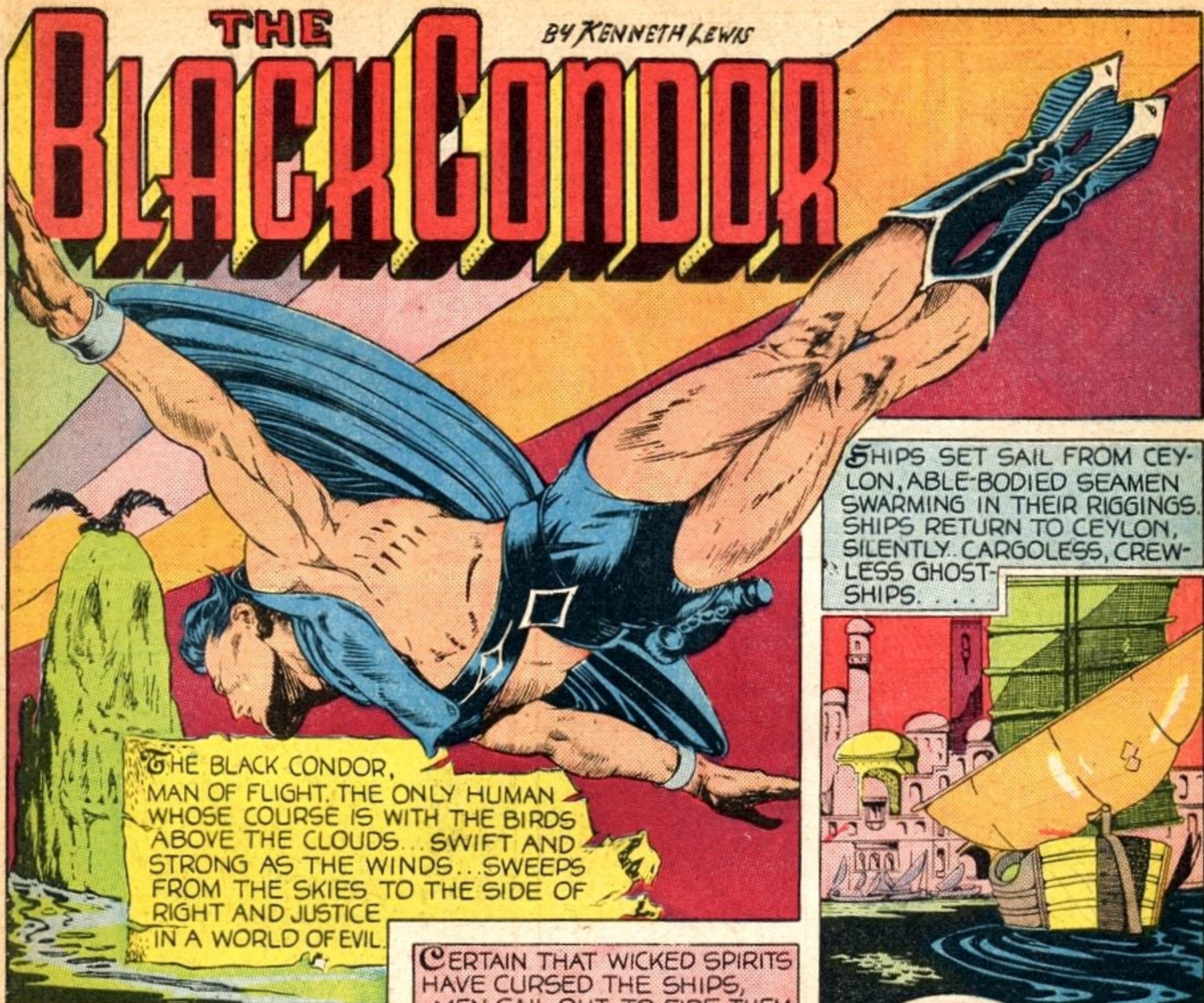
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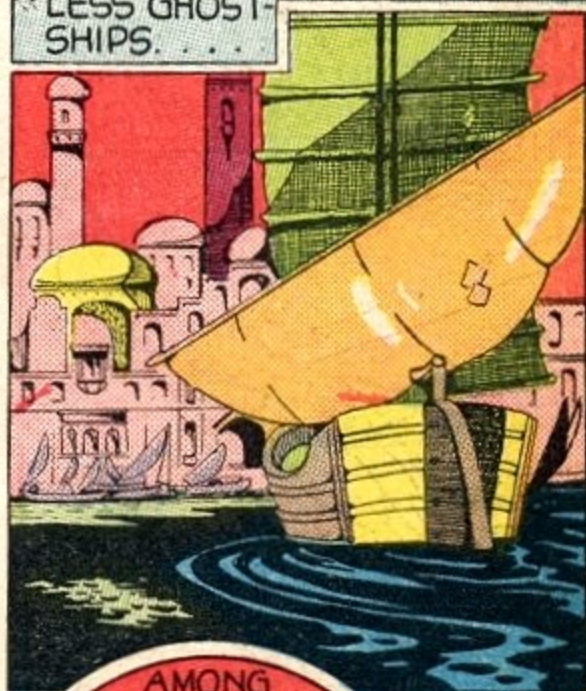
THE BLACK CONDOR

BY KENNETH LEWIS



THE BLACK CONDOR, MAN OF FLIGHT. THE ONLY HUMAN WHOSE COURSE IS WITH THE BIRDS ABOVE THE CLOUDS... SWIFT AND STRONG AS THE WINDS... SWEEPS FROM THE SKIES TO THE SIDE OF RIGHT AND JUSTICE IN A WORLD OF EVIL.

SHIPS SET SAIL FROM CEYLON, ABLE-BODIED SEAMEN SWARMING IN THEIR RIGGINGS. SHIPS RETURN TO CEYLON, SILENTLY. CARGOLESS, CREW-LESS GHOST-SHIPS. . . .



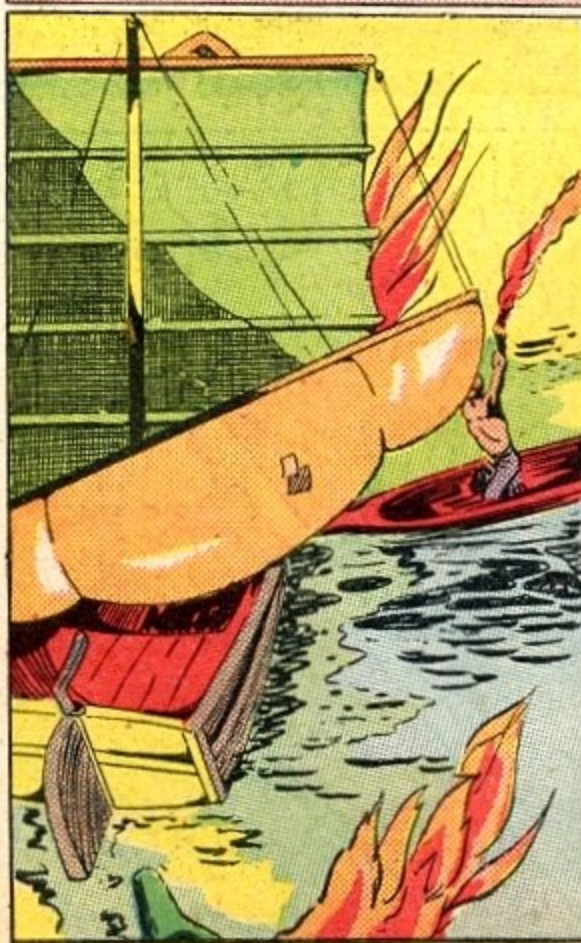
CERTAIN THAT WICKED SPIRITS HAVE CURSED THE SHIPS, MEN SAIL OUT TO FIRE THEM AND LIFT THE SPELL.

FRIGHTENED THROUGHS CROWD THE DOCKS TO WATCH EACH MYSTERY SHIP RETURN. . . .



IT IS AN EVIL OMEN! BURN THE SHIPS!

YES, BURN THEM!



AMONG THOSE WHO GO ABOARD IS A STRANGE FIGURE, THE BLACK CONDOR.



THE SHIP IS BURNING! COME AWAY QUICKLY!

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL TELL THE STORY. I MUST SEARCH.



BUT THE BLACK CONDOR REMAINS BEHIND TO EXAMINE THE SHIPS



AS THE SHIP ROARS INTO A BLAZING INFERNO, THE BLACK CONDOR SOARS TOWARD THE CLOUDS



THE FLAMES ARE QUENCHED AS THE SHIP SINKS. THE BIRD MAN WINGS TOWARD THE EAST



MEANWHILE THE LOST SEAMEN, CLUTCHED IN THE TALONS OF GIANT EAGLES, ARE FLOWN TO THE ROCKY SHORES OF DANGER ISLAND



DROPPED ON THE BEACH BY THEIR STRANGE CAPTORS, THEY FACE A BAND OF ARMED MEN.



YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO WORK FOR ME AT THE BOTTOM OF MY POOL OF SAPPHIRES... MEN DIE THERE EVERY DAY... YOU WILL NOT LAST LONG!



WE ARE FREE MEN! YOU CANNOT MAKE US DO THIS... IT IS SLAVERY... **MURDER!**



AT A SILENT SIGNAL ONE OF THE HUGE EAGLES SEIZES THE MAN IN ITS CLAWS...



INTO THE HUNGRY WAVES
DROPS THE HAPLESS MAN.



THAT SHOULD BE WARN-
ING ENOUGH FOR THE
REST OF YOU!



PUT ON THE
HELMETS. YOU
GO DOWN
AT ONCE!

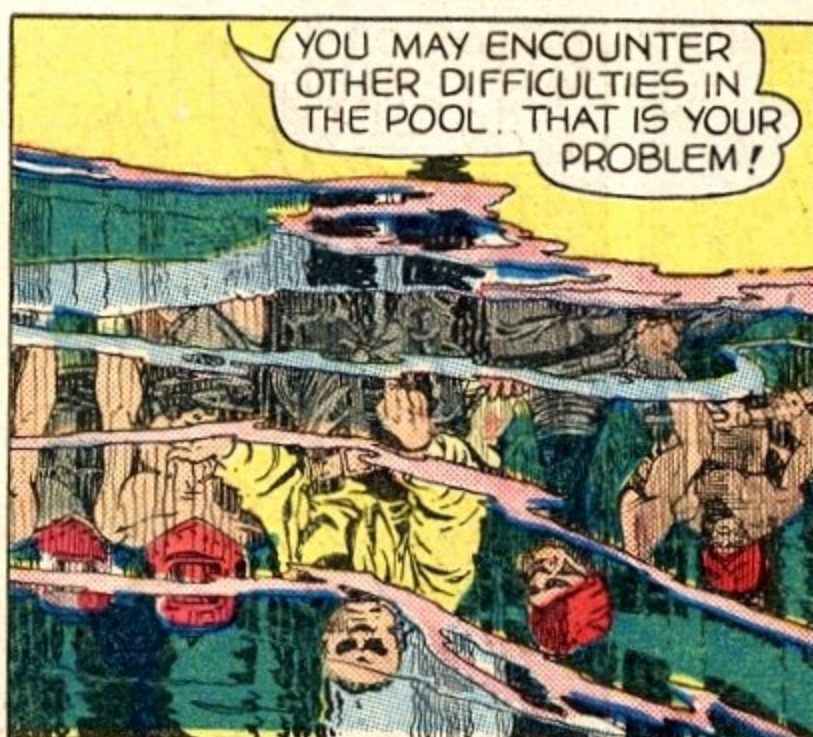


EACH OF
YOU MUST FILL A
BAG WITH
SAPPHIRES!

IF YOU
FAIL, YOU
NEED NOT
RETURN!



YOU MAY ENCOUNTER
OTHER DIFFICULTIES IN
THE POOL. THAT IS YOUR
PROBLEM!



MUTELY, THE MEN
FOLLOW THE ORDER
TO DIVE.



THEY BEGIN THE HARD TASK
OF SCRAPING THE GEMS
FROM THE SIDES OF THE
POOL.



SUDDENLY, OUT OF A CREVICE
SWEEPS THE ARM OF DEATH.



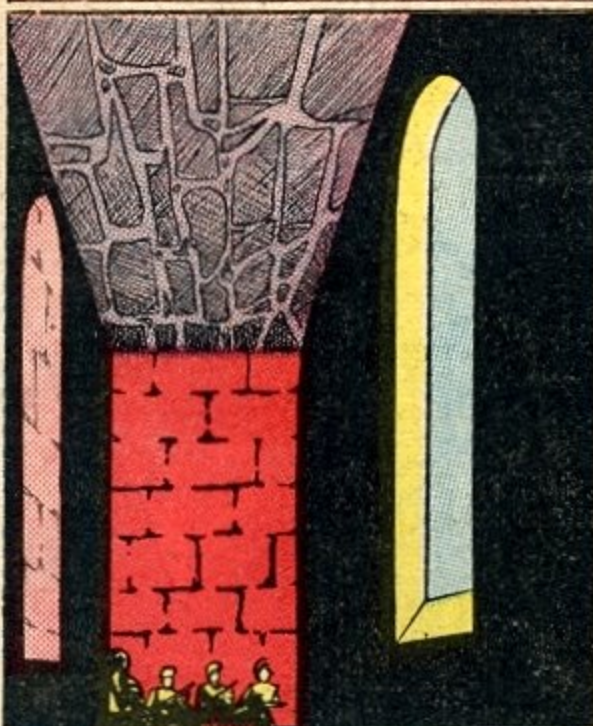
THE WATER CHURNS
MADLY..



WHILE ABOVE... ON DANGER ISLAND A STRANGER HAS DROPPED FROM THE SKIES



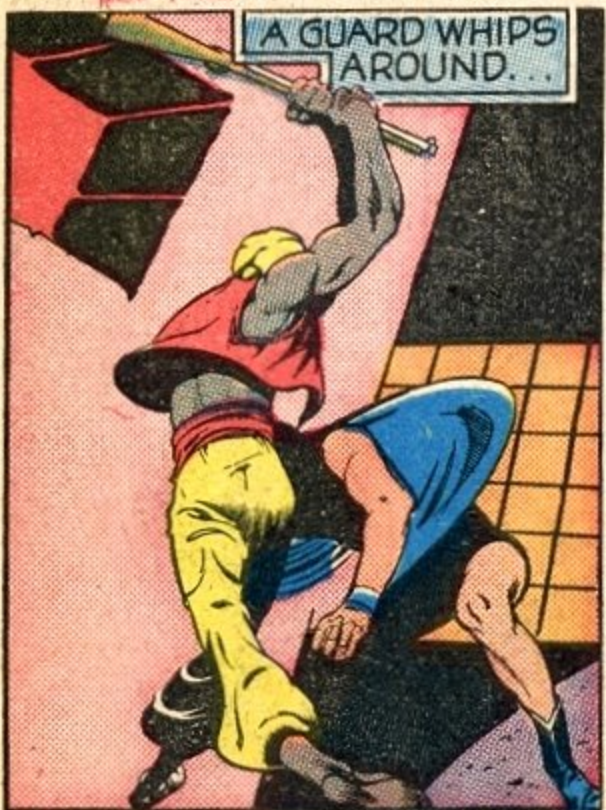
THE GUARDS DO NOT HEAR THE STEALTHY APPROACH OF THE BLACK CONDOR



HE LEAPS



A GUARD WHIPS AROUND...



THE CONDOR CATCHES HIM WITH A SWIFT BLOW.



ANOTHER SPRINGS FROM BEHIND.



SO, YOU DON'T WELCOME STRANGERS ON THIS ISLAND! MY HUNCH MUST BE RIGHT...

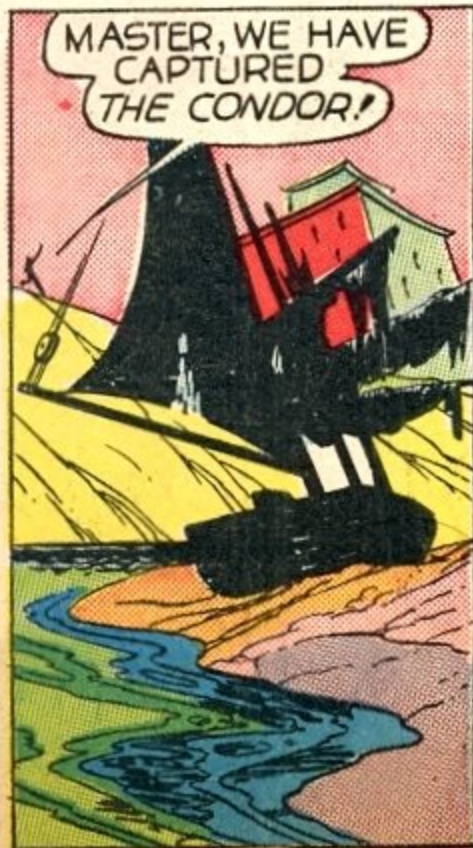


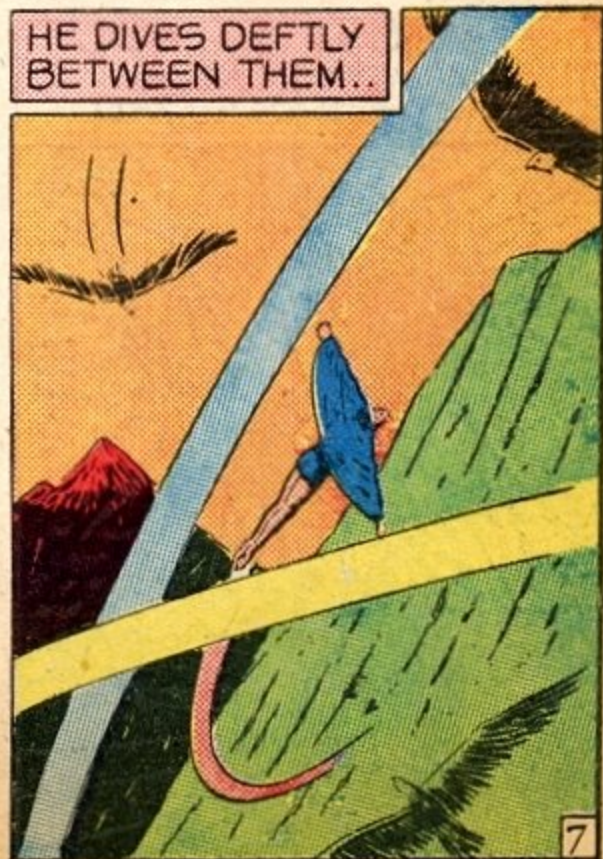
A SHARP KICK... AND...

HOLD THAT POSE!









NOW THE CONDOR TURNS
AND SWEEPS UP TO THE
ATTACK.



A CRUSHING BLOW BREAKS
THE HUGE BIRD'S NECK.



BUT ANOTHER DROPS
DOWN WITH OUT-
STRETCHED CLAWS.



JERKING FREE WITH A
TREMENDOUS EFFORT.



HE CRIPPLES
THE MIGHTY
BIRD.



A WHOLE
BATTALION!



THE BLACK RAY SHATTERS
THE SKY WITH BLAZING
DEATH.. THE EAGLES FALL.



WOUNDED, WEAK
FROM EXHAUSTING
BATTLE, THE BLACK
CONDOR DROPS
FROM THE CLOUDS.



HE'S
FALLEN!



HE MAY NOT BE
DEAD.. WE MUST
HIDE THE GEMS!
HURRY!



BACK
THROUGH
THE CAVE
THEY RUN.



MY EAGLES... HE HAS
KILLED MY BIRDS! BUT
HE SHALL NOT HAVE
MY GEMS NO ONE
SHALL EVER TAKE
MY SAPPHIRES!



FROM THE CAVE
OF THE SAPPHIRE
POOL, HE TURNS
TO THE DRY CAVERN
WHERE HIS PRECIOUS
STONES ARE CACHED.



ABOVE, THE
CONDOR
WATCHES...



MINE... THIS STORE
OF WEALTH AND
BEAUTY IS THE
GREATEST IN THE
WORLD... I AM THE
RICHEST MAN
ON EARTH!



A WARNING SHADOW
FALLS ACROSS A
GUARD



THE CONDOR
DROPS BEFORE
HIM



YOU WILL
DIE!

BUT THE BLACK RAY FLASH-
ES SWIFTLY... AND THE RIC-
HEST MAN IS SEALED FOREVER
IN THE SAPPHIRE CAVE



THE CONDOR RETURNS TO THE
ENSLAVED PEOPLE



THESE GEMS SHOULD
COMPENSATE YOU
FOR THE
HORROR
YOU HAVE
BEEN
THROUGH!

BACK TO CEYLON UNDER FULL
SAIL GO THE RELEASED CREWS.
A WINGED ESCORT FOLLOWS,
THE INVINCIBLE BLACK
CONDOR.



MOLLY THE MODEL

QUICK, POP! GET OFF THE COUCH - MRS. BROKENBUSTLE IS AT THE FRONT DOOR!

AN' WHO'S SHE?

MRS. BROKENBUSTLE IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FASHION SHOW - AND SHE THINKS I'M A DEBUTANTE - I WANT TO IMPRESS HER!

SO WHAT?

SO I TOLD HER THAT MY FATHER IS A BROKER!

Y' SHOULDA JUST SAID HE WAS BROKE

HERE'S TWO DOLLARS - NOW WHEN YOU GO OUT, CARRY THIS BRIEF CASE AND TRY TO APPEAR IMPORTANT!

OKAY, MOLLY - I'LL GO TO THE FOAMFLOWER'S PICNIC!

HUH! A BRIEF CASE! - I'LL TAKE A SUITCASE - THAT'LL MAKE ME LOOK LIKE AN EVEN BIGGER BROKER!



IF I BRING MY OWN FOOD TO THE PICNIC I CAN SAVE THE TWO BUCKS MOLLY GAVE ME... FOR... ER... A BEVERAGES!

SO SORRY YOU MUST GO - BUT BUSINESS IS SUCH A BURDEN, ISN'T IT?

YOU BET! - THESE BONDS WEIGH A TON!

LOOK OUT, MISTER! - YO' SWINE T' STEP ON DAT DAWG!

G'BYE MRS. 'B'

A BROKER, INDEED! WHO EVER HEARD OF A BROKER CARRYING HIS LUNCH!

TSK-TSK-THEY'S POTATA SALAD ON DE' POM-AN' PICKLES ON DE PEKE, MRS. BROKENBUSTLE!

SAY - HOW OLD ARE YOU?

NINETEEN - BUT I LOOK OLDER - Y' SEE, I'M THE WORRISOME TYPE!

JOIN THE MARINES
AGES 18-30

MOLLY THE MODEL

BOMBING
MR. RAND

HEY,
POP—
I'M GOING
NOW!

GOSH, MOLLY,
IT'S GONNA
BE AWFUL
LONELY
ROUND HERE
WITHOUT
YOU!

YOU'LL
SURVIVE,
POP,
AND I'LL BE
BACK IN A
COUPLE OF
DAYS!

I COULD
'SURVIVE'
BETTER
IF Y' MADE
THIS A
TEN!

UH UH—YOU
CAN CHARGE
THINGS AT
THE GROCERS!

AND I F'GOT TO TELL YOU THERE
ARE SOME WORKMEN COMING
TO REPAIR THE PAYEMENT
IN THE BACK
YARD!

MMM

LATER

MISS
MALONEY
SENT
FOR US!

RIGHT
OUT
BACK,
BOYS!

BOMBING
AIR RAID

JUST A MINUTE, FELLAS—
MY DAUGHTER MADE A
LAST MINUTE CHANGE
IN HER PLANS!

DESE
PEOPLE
IS
WHACKY!

YOU
SAID
IT!

THEY'RE
PAYIN'
FOR
IT!

TWO
DAYS
LATER

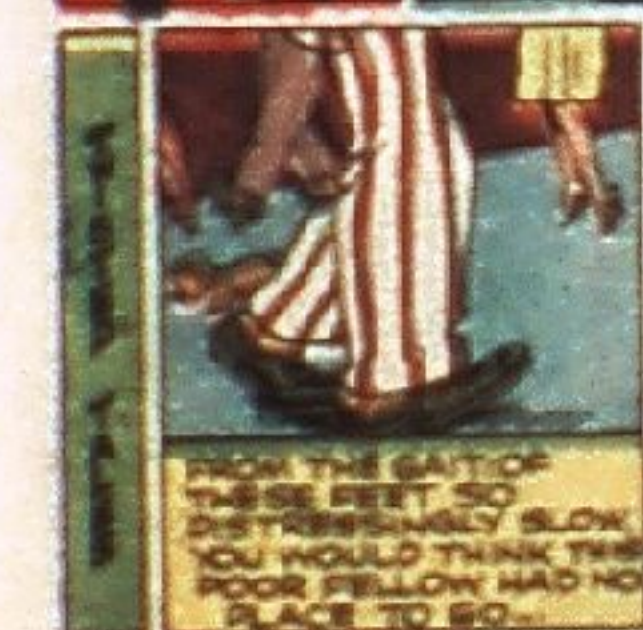
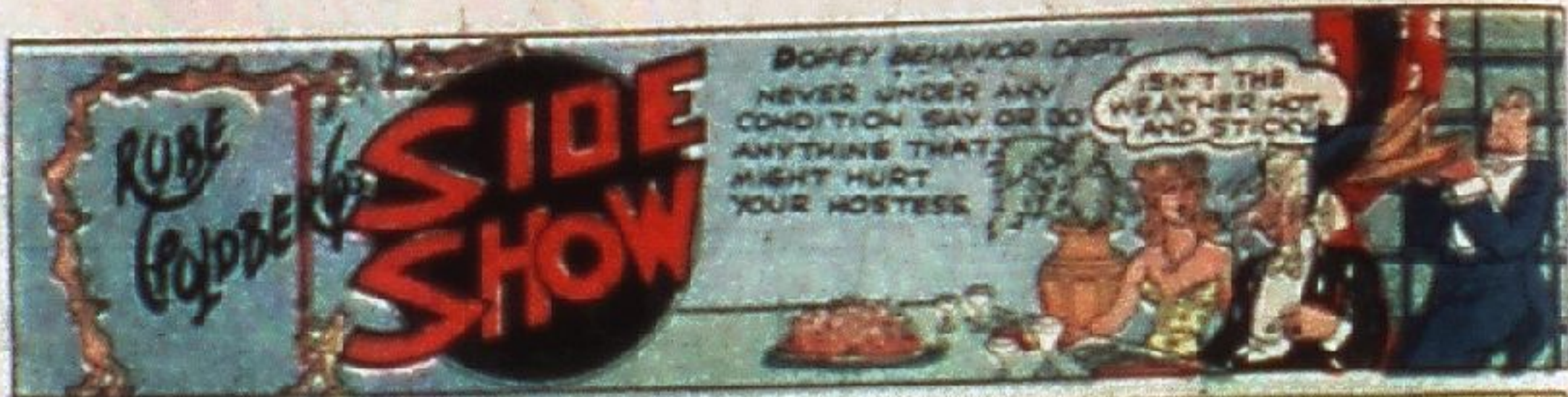
POP!
I'M
HOME!
WHERE
ARE
YOU?

RIGHT
OUT
BACK,
MOLLY!

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING DOWN
IN THAT
HOLE?

THIS IS NO MERE HOLE, MY
DEAR— IT'S AN AIR
RAID SHELTER AND I'VE
HAD IT FIXED UP
NICE AND COZY!
ESPECIALLY—

—FOR
YOU!



The RED TORPEDO

IN HIS NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT, THE RED TORPEDO IS THE TERROR OF MARITIME EVILDOERS; A ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP. ONE DAY ON HIS POWERFUL RADIO COMES WORD OF A NEW MENACE...

ANOTHER OUTRAGE BY THE "LONE SHARK" IS JUST REPORTED! THIS MYSTERIOUS SEA MARAUDER HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

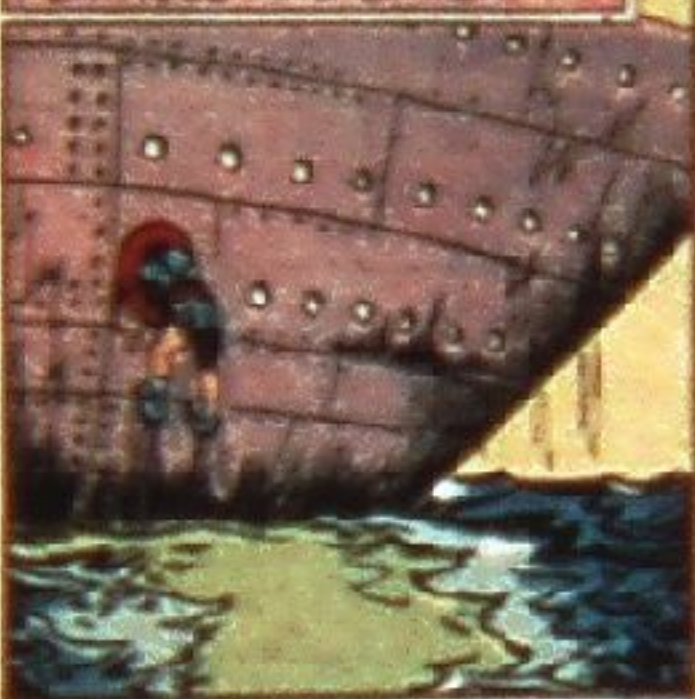
ROY LARKIN



THE SHARK FASTENS HIMSELF TO THE HULL OF HIS VICTIM BY A POWERFUL VACUUM CUP.



SUCTION GLOVES AND SHOES ENABLE HIM TO CLIMB TO A PORTHOLE AND ENTER.



ONCE INSIDE, THE SHARK ROBS THE SHIP'S SAFE OF ANY VALUABLES.



AND IS QUICKLY OFF BY THE SAME WAY HE CAME.



TURNING OFF HIS
RADIO SET.

THE RED TORPEDO LEAVES HIS SECRET WHARF AT ONCE

I'LL HAVE TO
GO AFTER
THIS "SHARK!"

THROUGH HIS AQUAVIS HE
SOON SIGHTS THE SHARK

BUT AT THE SAME TIME THE SHARK ALSO SEES
HIS FOE.

I'LL SOON
LOSE HIM!

AS THE RED
TORPEDO GOES
INTO ACTION,
THE SHARK
FLEES.

SUDDENLY THE SHARK EMITS A FLOOD-LIKE
CLOUD OF HEAVY BLACK OIL

IT ENVELOPS AND COMPLETELY BLINDS THE
RED TORPEDO.

HERE
COMES A SHIP!
THAT WILL LURE THE
SHARK BACK. I'LL
JUST HANG
AROUND!

TO RECHART HIS BEARINGS THE
RED TORPEDO IS FORCED TO RISE
TO THE SURFACE.

THAT FELLOW'S TRAILING THE
SHIP! HE'S GETTING TO BE
A NUISANCE!

THE SHARK SENDS A CHALLENGE TO THE RED TORPEDO ON THE AQUA-AUDIO



THE SEVEN SEAS
ARE TOO SMALL FOR US
BOTH! LET US FIGHT IT OUT.
MEET ME IN TWO DAYS
AT LATITUDE 37°
LONGITUDE
103°!

SO, THE FOOL ACCEPTS! I'LL
TRAP HIM HERE! I'LL SOW
MINES JUST BEYOND
THOSE REEFS!



THE RED TORPEDO APPROACHES
THE SHARK'S TRAP



AS HE PASSES BETWEEN TWO ELECTRIC EYES, A BARRAGE OF MINES IS RELEASED



BUT THE RED TORPEDO STOPS IN TIME

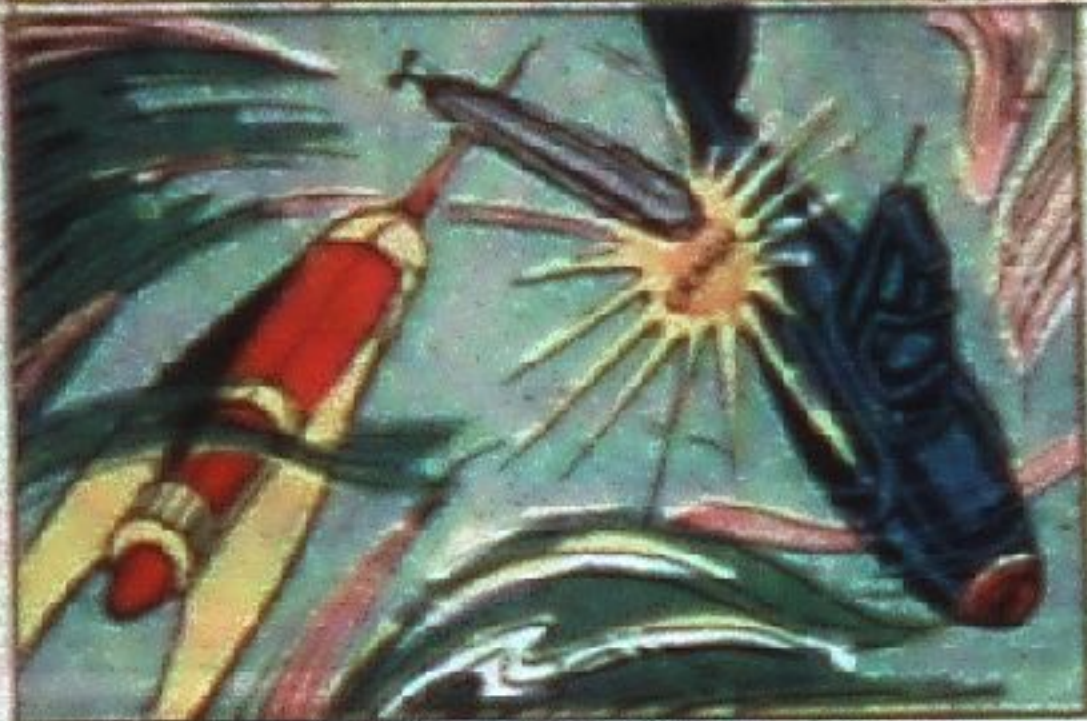


AT THAT MOMENT A HUGE FISH APPEARS IN
THE PATH OF THE DRIFTING MINES





THE RED TORPEDO SMASHES THE EXPLOSIVE AGAINST THE SUBMARINE BLOWING IT OUT OF THE WATER.



RIISING QUICKLY TO THE SURFACE, THE RED TORPEDO DIVES FOR THE SHARK!



BOTH MEET ON THE FLOATING WRECKAGE OF THE SHARK'S SUBMARINE.



THE RED TORPEDO DRAGS THE SHARK ABOARD HIS WAITING CRAFT.



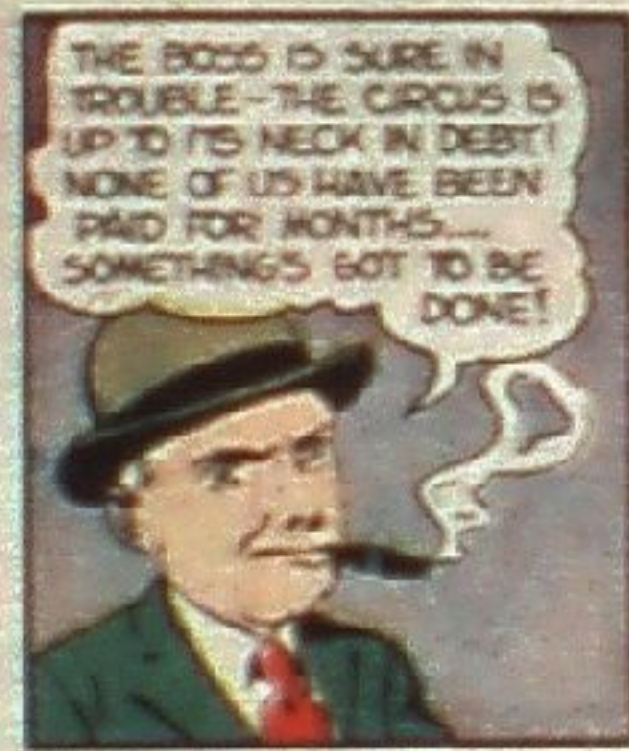
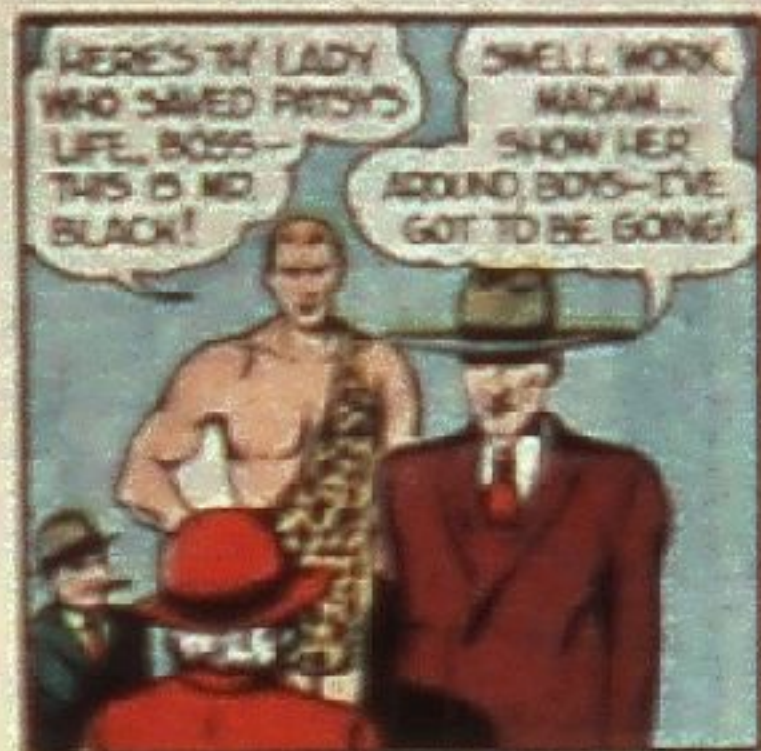
ANOTHER AMAZING ADVENTURE WITH THE RED TORPEDO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS.

MADAM FATAL

ART DICKMAN

AMIDST THE ROARING DIN OF WAGONS
AND HAPPY YELLS OF CHILDREN,
RICHARD STANTON, ALIAS MADAM FATAL,
WITCHES A CIRCUS ROLL INTO TOWN.









HA-HA-THEIR TRICK SURE FOOLED THE OLD LADY, EH, SLUG?

I'LL SAY, BOSS! AND THEY'LL BLAME THE WHOLE THING ON THE HINDU--!!



YEAH--THAT'LL FIX HIM--NOW WE CAN SHARE DOWN THE KID'S FATHER FOR A NICE SUM-- WITH THE SHERIFF ABOUT TO TAKE THE CIRCUS AWAY FROM ME, I'LL NEED IT!!



THEY'RE STOPPING AT THAT OLD SHACK!

WE'D BETTER STOP HERE AND WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!!



THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGH, BOSS--BLACK AND HIS MEN ARE HEAVILY ARMED!!

JUST LET ME GET AT HIM--THAT'S ALL!



THIS IS THE ONLY WAY ONE OF US CAN GET INTO THE HOUSE! HIGHER, CYCLOPS--AH--HE'S GOT IT--NICE WORK!!



NOW WE'VE GOT TO--WHAT TH--!

DON'T MOVE, YOU TWO--YOU'RE COVERED--NOW--MARCH UP TO THE DOOR--QUICK!

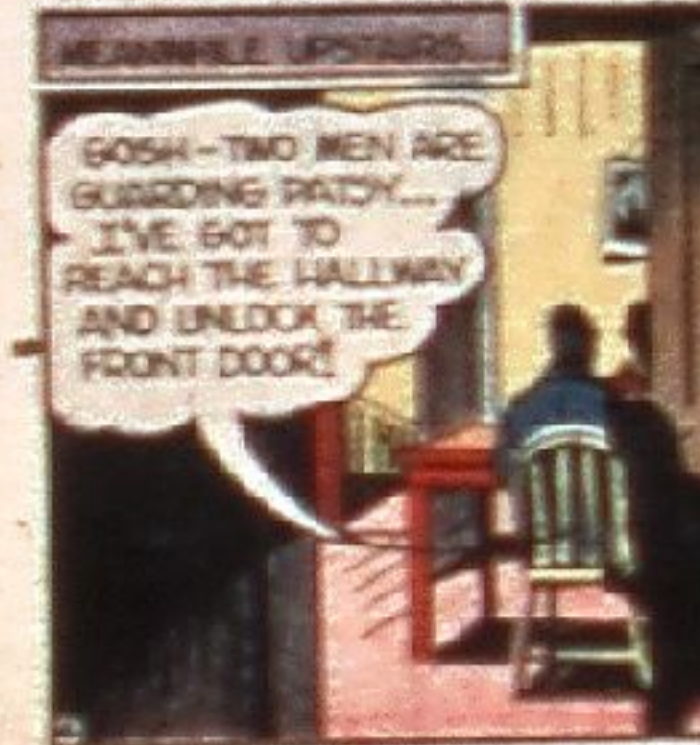


HEY BOSS!! OPEN UP AND LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT SNOOPIN' AROUND!

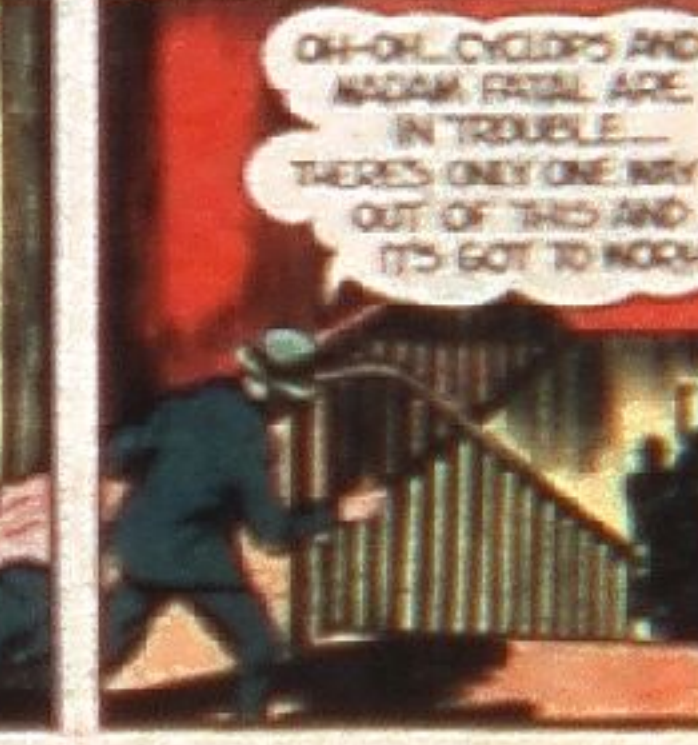
LUCKILY HE DIDN'T SEE THE GENERAL GET INTO THE HOUSE!!



OF ALL TH--!! CYCLOPS AND THE OLD LADY!! SO YOU DIDN'T FALL FOR MY TRICK, EH?? WELL--NEVER MIND--GET IN HERE, THE BOTH OF YOU!



MEANWHILE UPSTAIRS--
GOSH--TWO MEN ARE GUARDING PATCHY... I'VE GOT TO REACH THE HALLWAY AND UNLOCK THE FRONT DOOR!



OH-OH...CYCLOPS AND MADAM FATAL ARE IN TROUBLE--THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS AND IT'S GOT TO WORK!!



FOLLOW MADAM FATAL IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS - ON SALE AUGUST 30TH.

THE SPACE LEGION

WITH
**ROCK
BRADDON**



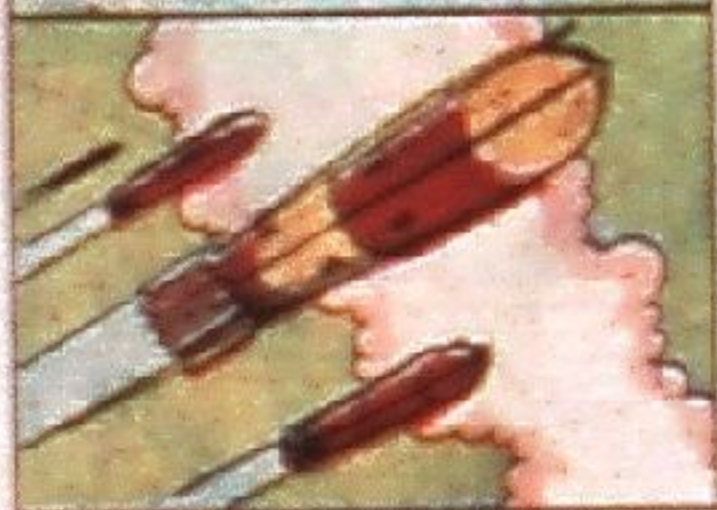
REVOLT! A GREAT DESERT OF MARS REDDENS WITH BLOOD AS THE ANCIENT TRIBE OF HEGRA RISES ONCE AGAIN TO POWER. LED BY AN INHUMAN MANIAC, THE RUTHLESS DESERT MEN SPREAD TERROR AND DEATH FOR CONTROL OF THE GREAT TITANIUM MINES!



FOUR SHIPS CARRY THE VETERAN WARRIORS OF THE SPACE LEGION TO MARS. THEIR MISSION IS TO CRUSH THE REBELLION.

THE EXPEDITION'S COMMANDER, CAPTAIN ROCK BRADDON, ADDRESSES HIS OFFICERS.

THE EVIL-EYED SCOUTS OF HEGRA WATCH AS THE HUGE SHIPS LAND.



TITANIUM!
IF THE MARTIANS SEIZE THOSE FIELDS THEY'LL BE IN COMPLETE CONTROL OF ALL SPACE TRAVEL! THE EARTH MUST KEEP THAT FUEL!



SWIFTLY THE WORD IS FLASHED ACROSS THE DESERT

AND REACHES THE EARS OF GULLA, HIGH LORD OF THE TRIBES OF HEGRA!

HA! THAT IS TOO BAD FOR THEM! NOTHING CAN STOP GULLA!



MASTER GULLA!
SPACE LEGION
COME!



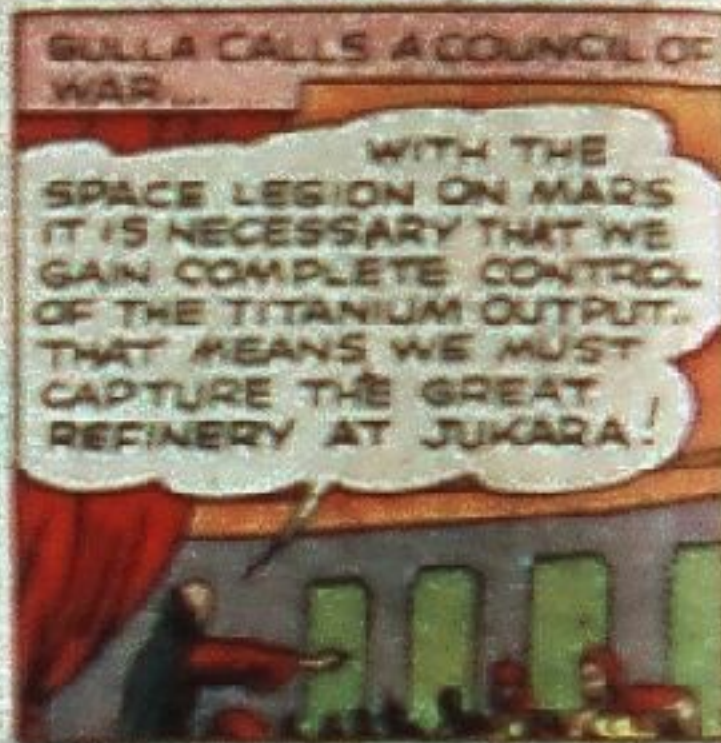


BUT, UNCLE GULLA, YOU MUST GIVE UP THIS MADNESS!

WITH TITANIUM I SHALL RULE ALL SPACE!



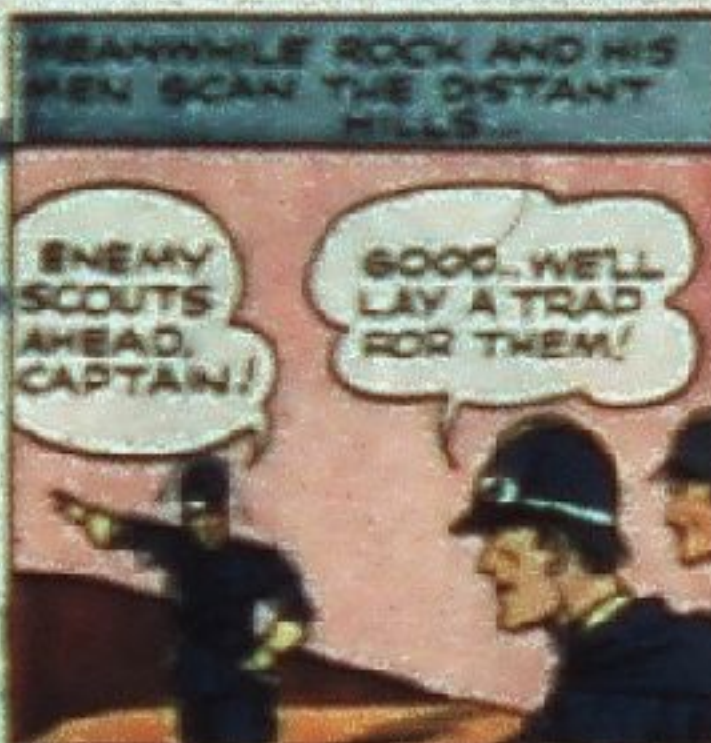
THE DESERT OF HEGRA SHALL BE THE GRAVE-YARD OF THE SPACE LEGION! SUMMON MY ARMIES!



GULLA CALLS A COUNCIL OF WAR...
WITH THE SPACE LEGION ON MARS IT IS NECESSARY THAT WE GAIN COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE TITANIUM OUTPUT. THAT MEANS WE MUST CAPTURE THE GREAT REFINERY AT JUKARA!



AND SO THE HORDES OF HEGRA POUR OUT OF THE DESERT TOWARDS JUKARA



ENEMY SCOUTS AHEAD, CAPTAIN!

GOOD. WE'LL LAY A TRAP FOR THEM!



RIDING THEIR MARTIAN DESERT HORSES, THE SCOUTS ENTER THE TRAP



READY! CLOSE IN!

CAUGHT IN A MUDDEROUS CROSS-FIRE OF THE LEGIONS RAY GUNS, THE MARTIANS ARE NEARLY WIPE OUT. AND



CAPTAIN BRADDOON SWIFTLY COMPLETES ENCIRCLEMENT.
SURRENDER OR DIE!



CEASE FIRING... WE SURRENDER!



A GIRL? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MY UNCLE FORCED ME TO ACCOMPANY THIS ADVANCE PATROL!



WHERE IS YOUR UNCLE'S ARMY... WHAT ARE HIS PLANS?

HE IS HEADING FOR JUKARA!



JUKARA? IF GULLA TAKES JUKARA MY CAMPAIGN IS HOPELESS!

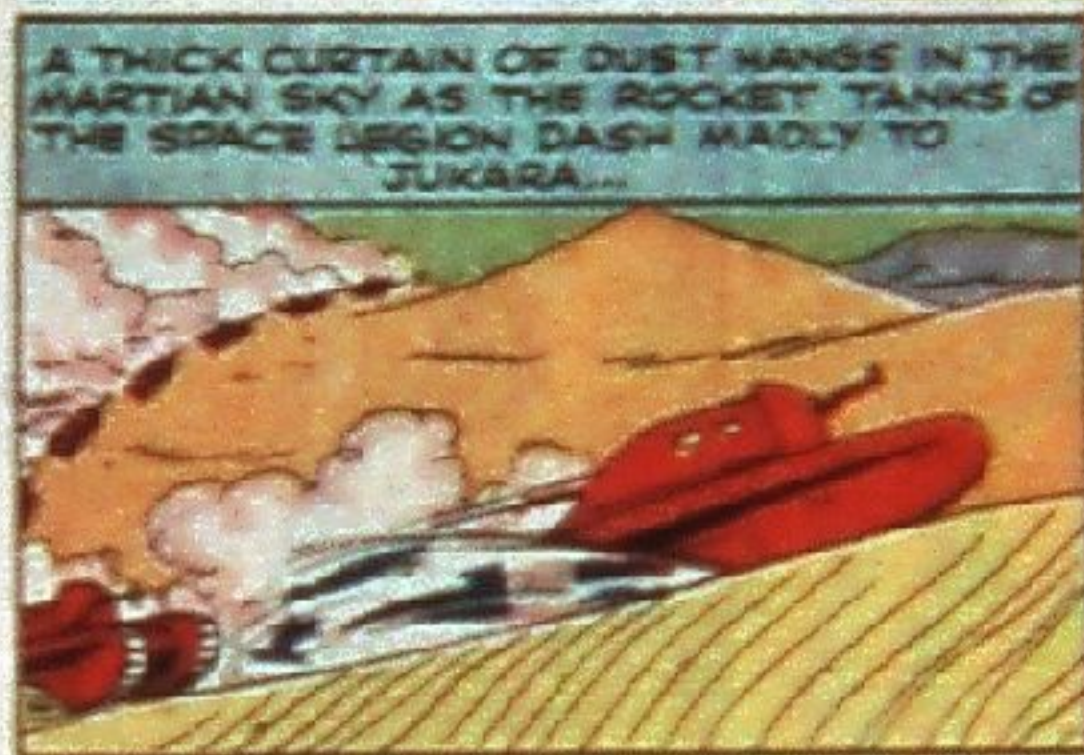
CAREFUL ROCK, IT MAY BE A TRICK!



HA, MEN, DO NOT FEAR! ALWAYS I HAVE OPPOSED MY UNCLE'S PLANS OF WAR. IF YOU DEFEAT HIM, THEN MY PEOPLE WILL BE AT PEACE ONCE MORE!



I AM SORRY, BUT I MUST TAKE YOU PRISONER! COME, WE MUST JOIN OUR MAIN FORCES!



A THICK CURTAIN OF DUST HANGS IN THE MARTIAN SKY AS THE ROCKET TANKS OF THE SPACE LEGION DASH MADLY TO JUKARA...



TOO LATE!

THE FLAG OF NEGRA ALREADY FLY FROM JUKARA'S GLEAMING SPIRES!



LIEUTENANT DEVON, UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, DELIVER THIS MESSAGE TO GULLA!

YES, CAPTAIN!



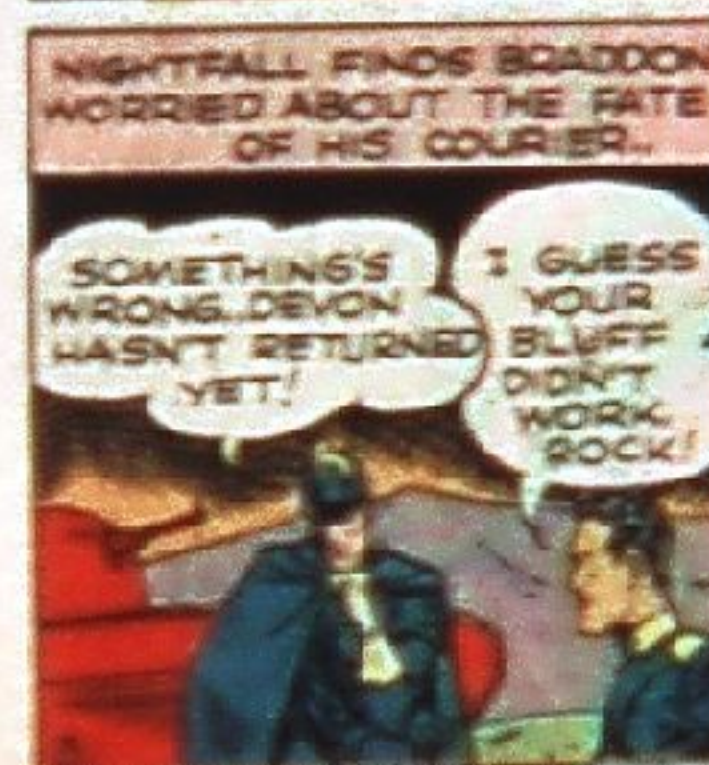
WHAT YOU WANT?

I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR GULLA!



"YOU SHALL SURRENDER TO THE SPACE LEGION WITHIN 24 HOURS, OR THIS CITY WILL BE BLASTED APART..."

BAH! YOU EARTHMEN ARE TOO CHICKEN-HEARTED TO BLOW UP A CITY OF CIVILIANS!



SOMETHING'S WRONG, DEVON HASN'T RETURNED YET!

I GUESS YOUR BLUFF DIDN'T WORK, ROCK!



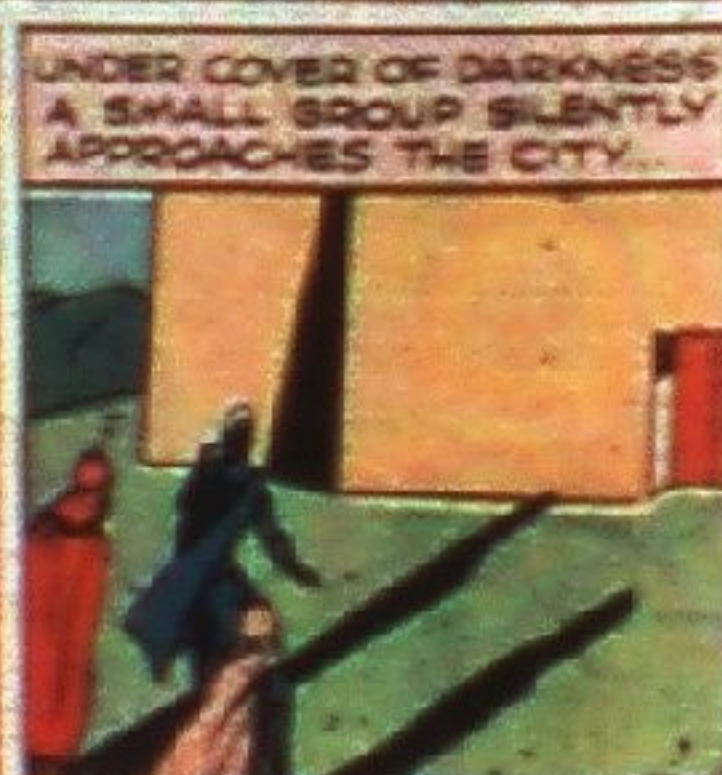
SUDDENLY THE THUNDER OF HOOPS ROUSES THE CAMP.



MARTIAN HORSEMEN SPEED PAST AND HURL A HEAVY BURDEN TO THE GROUND!



AS THE FIRST DIM LIGHT OF DAWN STREAKS THE SKY, THE LEGION ATTACKS... WITH HARD HITTING ROCKET TANKS AND SPEEDY SUPER COMBAT PLANES...



AS ROCK AND A SOLDIER
SLIP INTO THE SHADOWS,
THE MARTIAN GIRL POUNDS
ON THE HUGE GATE...

OPEN!
OPEN UP!

QUICK! TAKE ME
TO GULLA.. I'VE JUST
ESCAPED FROM THE
SPACE LEGION!

ROCK SPRINGS FROM THE
DARKNESS!

UGH!
THIS
MASSAGE
WILL PUT
YOU
AT
REST!

NOW.. THIS WILL SIGNAL
OUR LEGION ATTACK
TO BEGIN!

AT THE SHOTS, SOLAR LIGHTS
PIERCE THE BLACKNESS, BLINDING
THE GARRISON ON THE WALLS.. THE
LEGION TANKS DASH FOR THE
OPEN GATE..

ROCK AND HIS COMPANION
HOLD THE GATE UNTIL THE
TANKS ROLL THROUGH..

GULLA SENSES HIS FINISH..

I AM LOST! THEIR
CURSED TANKS WILL
SPELL MY DOOM!

.. BUT I SHALL HAVE MY
REVENGE ON THEM!
THOSE TITANIUM VAULTS..
YES! I SHALL BLOW
THEM ALL UP.. HA-HA-HA!

MEANWHILE, ROCK IN HIS
SEARCH FOR GULLA,
DESCENDS INTO THE
TITANIUM VAULTS..

AS HE ENTERS ANOTHER
ROOM, A FIGURE DARTS
FROM THE SHADOWS AND
FIRES BLINDLY..

LATER..

I SHALL RULE
THE TRIBES OF
HEGRA IN PEACE,
ROCK. BUT WHAT OF
YOU?

GULLA MUST BE
HERE.. HE'S NOWHERE
ELSE IN THE CITY!

THAT MISS WILL
PROVE COSTLY,
DOG!

AH
HA
HA!

BACK TO
EARTH.. AND
THEN ON TO
MORE ADVENTURE!

MORE PULSE POUNDING SUSPENSE IN THE SPACE LEGION IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DORR

SUREFOOT
SHAKELS—
WE'RE ON
THE
SPOT!

CORRECT BACKWOODS BEAUTY—
BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL
FACE THE MUSIC!

THE CROWD
FROM THE
WOODS WILL
BE HERE SOON—
THEY WANT
TO SEE
THIS
EXHIBITION

THIS MAY BE
OUR FINAL AS
HIGH PRICED CROWD—
NEITHER OF US
WAS EVER BUILT
ONE.



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DREW

THERE IS GREAT EXCITEMENT AS NED BRANT AND BUD SHEKELS HAVE DISAPPEARED AND THEY ARE FEARED LOST IN THE WOODS!

AND THAT'S THE LAST YOU SAW OF BACKWOODS BRANT AND BUREFOOT SHEKELS?

THEY WERE OUR OWNERS AND WENT OUT TO SHOOT SOME WILD GAME FOR DINNER - WE NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN!

THEY WERE OUR OWNERS AND WENT OUT TO SHOOT SOME WILD GAME FOR DINNER - WE NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN!

CAN YOU SHOW ME ON THIS MAP APPROXIMATELY WHERE YOU LANDED?

I WOULD SAY IT WAS ABOUT EIGHT HERE, SIR.

WE WAITED A DAY OR TWO THEN WE RAN SHORT OF FOOD AND HAD TO RETURN

THAT WILL BE ALL - THANK YOU

THOSE GUIDES ARE IN A BAD SPOT!

ONLY EXPERIENCED MEN CAN COME OUT OF THERE ALIVE

YOU SAY THEY WERE QUALIFIED GUIDES?

WHY, YES, I SUPPOSE SO - THEY SAID THEY WERE - IT WAS THEIR FIRST REAL TRIP OUT OF HERE.

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE - THOSE GUIDES DON'T KNOW THESE WOODS

IF THEY DID THEY WOULDN'T HAVE LANDED THE PARTY WHERE THEY DID

A WHILE DEEP IN THE NORTH WOODS, COMPLETELY LOST -

THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!

I DIDN'T EVEN HEAR THAT BARK UNTIL YOU JUMPED TO YOUR FEET!

NOW FOR A PIECE AND A THICK STEAK, BUD!

NED - THE MATCHES - THEY'RE ALL GONE!

WHEW - LET'S HAVE THAT FLASHLIGHT

YOU CAN'T START A FIRE WITH A FLASHLIGHT

THE SUN'S RAYS THROUGH THIS LEAF OUT OF THE FLASHLIGHT WILL START THE BARK AND LEAVES BURNING - SEE?

SMART WORK! LET'S DRAG ENOUGH WOOD TO KEEP IT BURNING ALL NIGHT - THE ANIMALS WERE TOO CLOSE LAST NIGHT

IT'S NO USE, NED! WE'RE LOST FOR GOOD - NOBODY WILL EVER FIND US!

STAY IN THERE AND FITCH, BUD? WHY? WITH RADIO, FLARES AND EVERYTHING, OF COURSE THEY'LL FIND US - I HOPE

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DODD

RISE AND SHINE, BOO—SOMEONE'S GOING TO FIND US TODAY—I FEEL IT IN MY BONES

I HOPE IT'S A SAUCY PRINCESS WITH A HAMBURGER SANDWICH, NED

WE HAVE SOME FUN WILD SLURPAGES, SOME EXCELLENT WILD SLURPAGES AND SOME DELICIOUS WILD SLURPAGES, GIL

I NEVER EAT SLURPAGES—LET ME HAVE SOME SLURPAGES, INSTEAD



I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE JUST A LITTLE MORE CREAM

THERE'S PLENTY OF IT—AND MAY I HAVE THE SUGAR?



LOOK AT THAT RABBIT GO, WILL YOU?

IF I HAD THAT HIP ACTION, I WOULD MAKE ALL AMERICAN NEST FALL



HERE COMES ANOTHER—LET'S SEE IF WE CAN STRICKLE HIM

OKAY—I'LL HIT HIM AT THE SHOULDER AND YOU NAIL HIM AT THE HINDS



WHERE WERE YOU ON THAT FLAT MAUNT?

I REMEMBER, NOW—I WAS TAKING A GUY TO THE CLEANERS, SANDOZ



LISTEN—I THINK I HEAR A PLANE

YOUR EARS CAN THINK OF THE FUNNIEST THINGS, NED—I DON'T SEE ANY-



IT IS A PLANE—I LET'S HEAD FOR THAT CLEARING!

A SMALL SPACE, BUT THIS FLAT WOULD HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF BRINGING US!

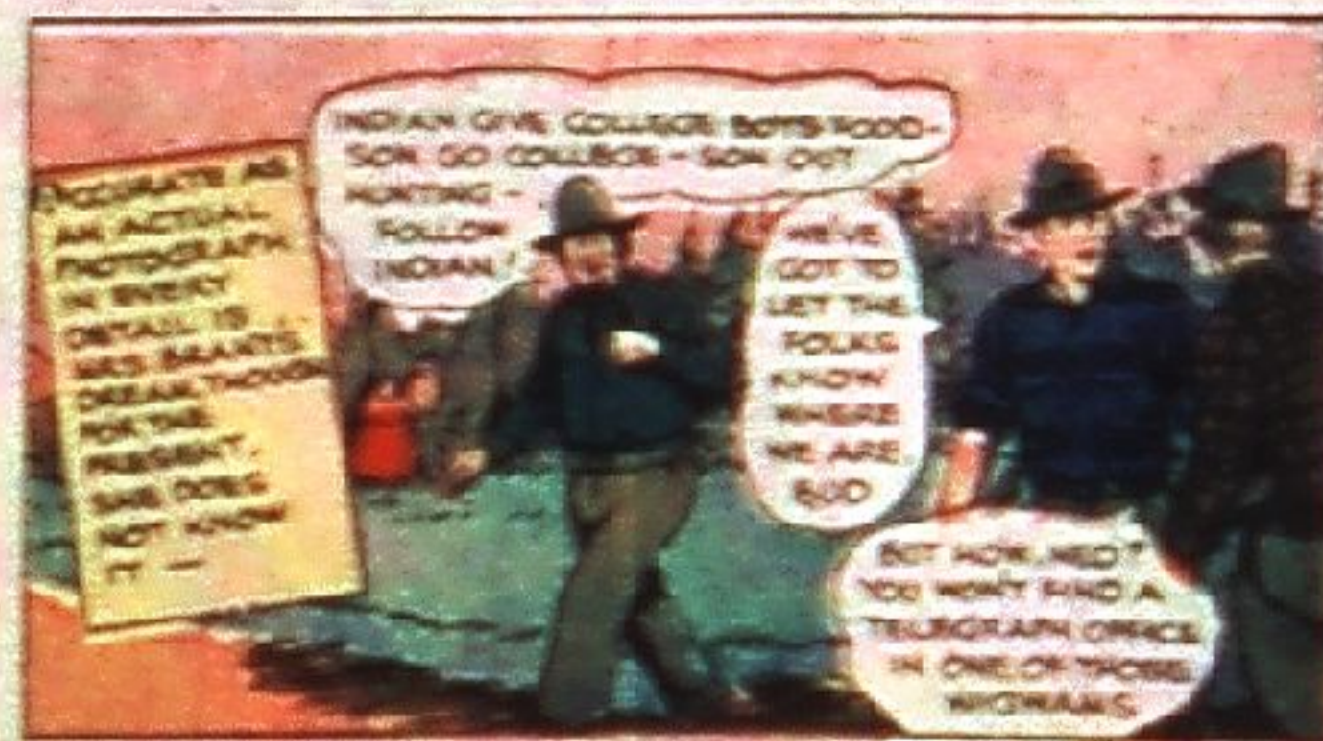


DON'T WE SEE US?

ONLY THE TALL—IS THAT BLACK THING? NO, THAT'S A TREE



THIS IS GRIFFITH AT 1000 FEET OVER DESOLATION WOODS—NO SIGN OF LOST BOYS—NO SIGN OF LOST BOYS



NED BRANT IS CONTINUED IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS - ON SALE AUGUST 30TH.

Alias the Spider

ON OUR COVER

A HEAVY FOG COVERS THE WATERFRONT. A GIRL SCREAMS AND...



YOUNG AND PRETTY!! BETTER GET OUTA HERE FAST.



THE NEXT NIGHT

DIDJA GET THAT KILLER YET MIKE?

NO... AND ANOTHER GIRL WAS FOUND IN THE RIVER THIS MORNING!



...THE COMMISSIONER GAVE US ORDERS TO SHOOT 'IM ON SIGHT... J-JUMPIN' CATFISH!! LOOK!!



IT'S... IT'S THE KILLER!!

AND I CANT SHOOT IN THIS FOG... I MIGHT HIT THE GIRL!



HE RAN INTO THIS ALLEY!!



A SHINING STEEL BLADE NOW FLASHES FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE ALLEY...



THERE! YOU WON'T CHASE ME AGAIN! HEH...HEH!

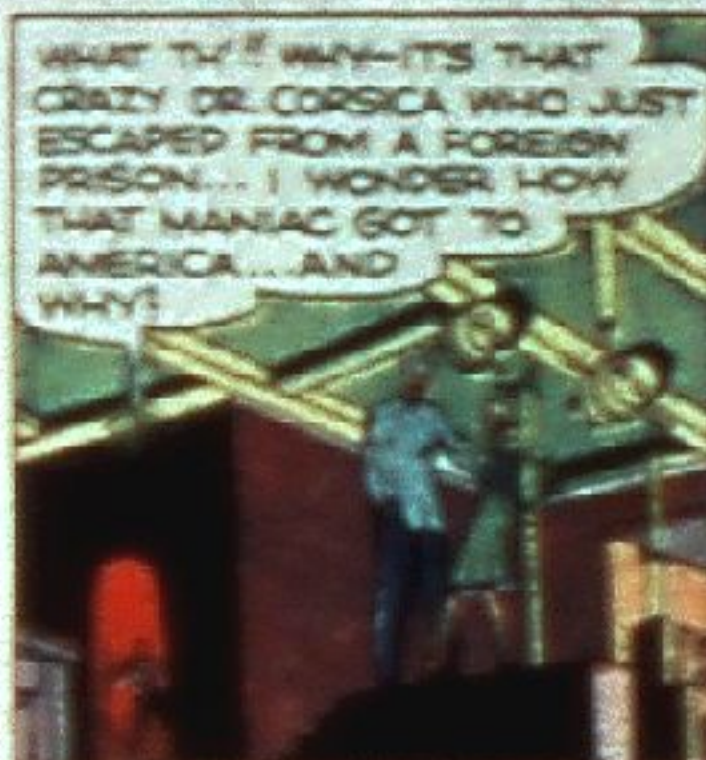


UH... THE SPIDER!



IT'LL GIVE YA THE SAME THING THIS COP 'JUS' GOT!







AS THE CAPTURED SPIDER SLOWLY COMES TO HIS SENSES...

OH... MY HEAD!!



AH! YOU AWAKE JUST IN TIME TO SEE MY EXPERIMENT!

IS THAT SO?



ALL RIGHT, GREGG! BRING IN THE BEAST!



AND A HUGE APE IS TOWED INTO THE ROOM



NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW THE WORLD THAT A GIRL CAN OVERPOWER A GORILLA IF SHE HAS BEEN INJECTED BY MY GREAT DISCOVERY! THIS WILL BE MY GREAT TEST!



HE'S CRAZY ALRIGHT! THIS IS WHY THE BODIES OF GIRLS FOUND IN THE RIVER WERE SO MANGLED!



BEFORE I GIVE YOU THE INJECTION WIFE ALL FEAR AWAY! LOOK AT ME...

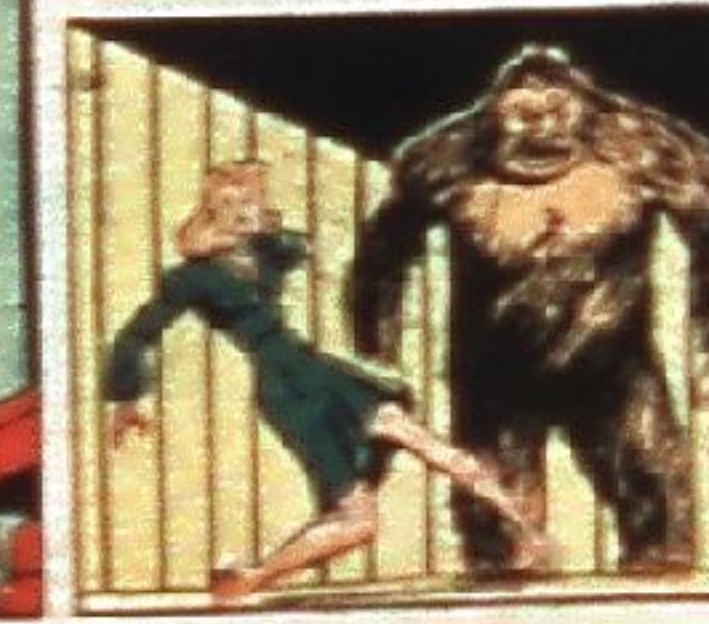
I-I'M LOOKING AT YOU...



THE FIEND! HE'S PUSHING HER INTO THE CAGE WITH THAT GORILLA. I MUST GET FREE TO STOP HIM!



THE DOCTOR'S HYPNOTIC SPELL IS BROKEN... THE GIRL'S MIND NOW CLEARS...



AS THE HUGE APE NEARS HER, A BARRY HAND RAISES MENACINGLY...

AS THE GORILLA REACHES THE GIRL AND STRIKES OUT, THE SPIDER DRAWS HIS DEADLY BOWSTRING AND AIMS...



EFFEET! EFFEET! AND TWO BLAZING SEALS DIG INTO THE BEAST'S CHEST! AND BACK HE TOPPLES...



DON'T LOOK BACK, MISS... TRY TO FORGET THIS UGLY BUSINESS!



THERE... THERE NOW! YOU'RE ALL SAFE NOW!

OH-H!— WHAT A GHASTLY EXPERIENCE I WENT THROUGH! TH— THANK YOU!



HAW! YOU'RE NOT FREE YET!!

—IT'S THE MAN WHO BROUGHT ME HERE!



YA KILLED MY APE RAIL, HUH? OKAY—WALK THE TRAP DOOR RIGHT BEHIND YA! HURRY!



THERE! THAT IS YER HOME FER A LONG, LONG TIME—MAYBE FOREVER!



OH-H! WE'LL STARVE HERE!

EASY NOW! I'M NOT LOKED EVEN YET!



—IF I CAN ONLY JUMP AND REACH THAT GRATING—MAYBE—



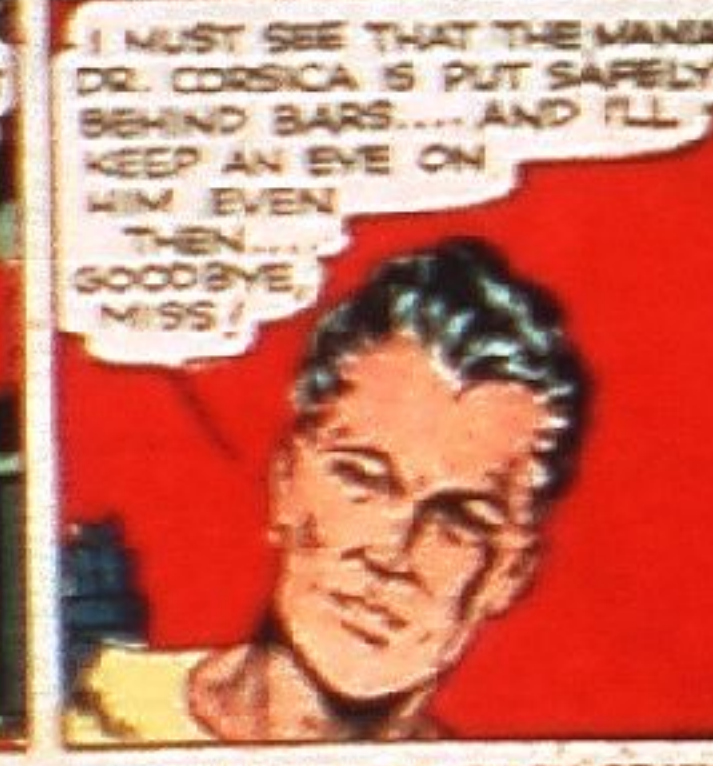
BUT TIME AFTER TIME THE SPIDER'S JUMPS FAIL HIM...



SEEMS TO BE NO USE...

DON'T SAY THAT... I'VE BEEN IN MANY TOUGH SPOTS BEFORE... HAVE COURAGE!





by Susan Barnett and Jeffrey L. Ross



**-DON'T
HAVE
TO
RUSH
SO-**

A photograph showing a group of people. In the foreground, a man in a yellow and black plaid shirt is looking towards the camera. To his right, a woman in a red shirt is also looking towards the camera. In the background, another person is visible. A sign with the text "GET THAT MAN" is prominently displayed in the foreground, partially obscuring the man in the plaid shirt. The image is somewhat blurry and has a vintage feel.

A photograph showing a group of people. In the foreground, a man in a yellow and black plaid shirt is looking towards the camera. To his right, a woman in a red shirt is also looking towards the camera. In the background, another person is visible. A sign with the text "GET THAT MAN" is prominently displayed in the foreground, partially obscuring the man in the plaid shirt. The image is somewhat blurry and has a vintage feel.

A photograph of two men standing side-by-side. The man on the left is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. The man on the right is wearing a military uniform with a beret. Both men are holding a large sign that reads "SUCKS PAPER PLEASE". The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

A photograph of two men standing side-by-side. The man on the left is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. The man on the right is wearing a military uniform with a beret. Both men are holding a large sign that reads "SUCKS PAPER PLEASE". The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

A group of people in costumes holding signs that read "MILK WENT OUT THAT DOOR". The image is a photograph of a group of people in costumes, likely for a theatrical performance or a protest. They are holding signs that read "MILK WENT OUT THAT DOOR". The image is a photograph of a group of people in costumes, likely for a theatrical performance or a protest. They are holding signs that read "MILK WENT OUT THAT DOOR".

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HEAVENS / DON'T TELL ME - NO MORE SILLY DREAMS

BUT - IN THIS ONE A BEAR CHASED ME

HEAVENS / DON'T TELL ME - NO MORE SILLY DREAMS

BUT - IN THIS ONE A BEAR CHASED ME

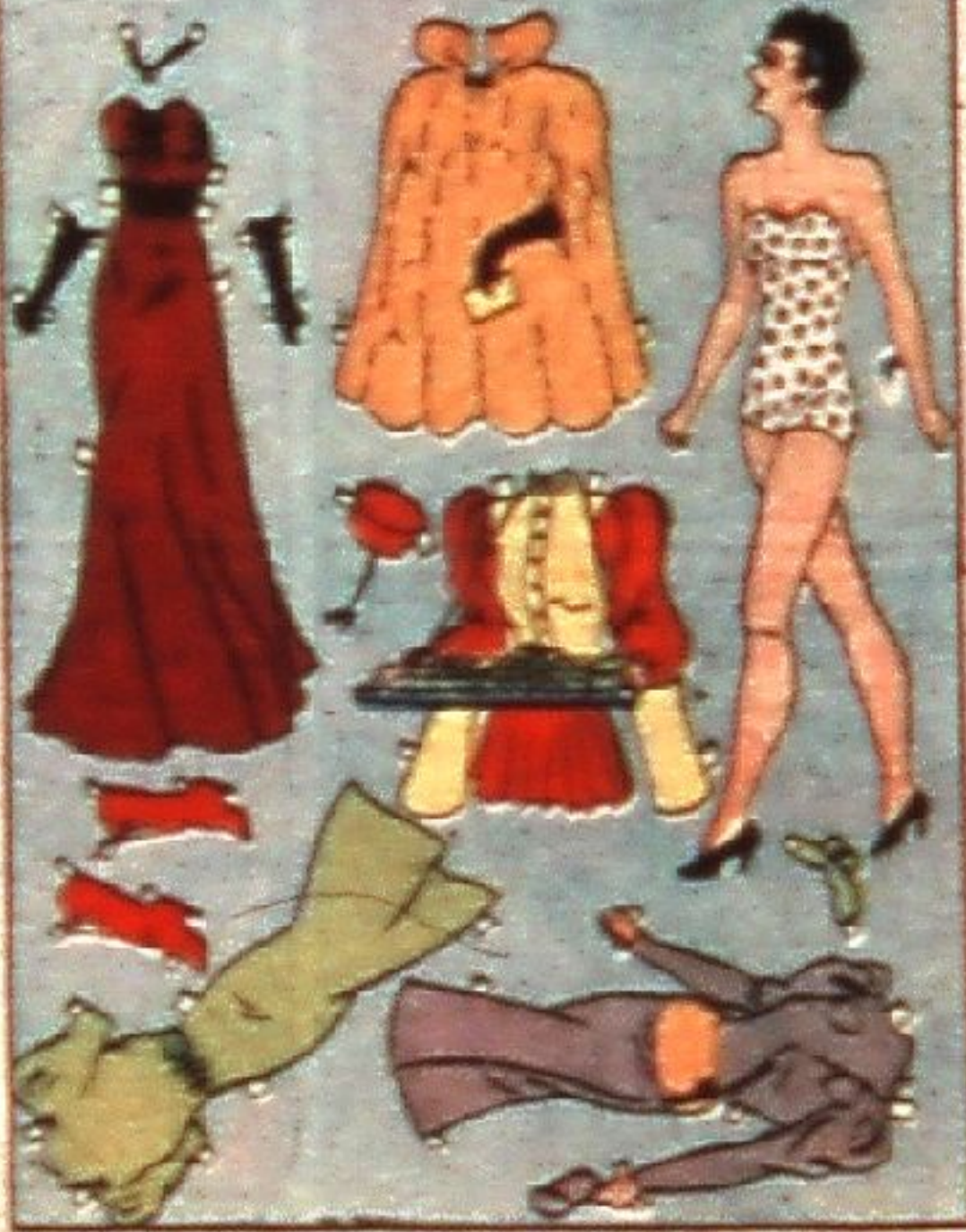
HOW CAN THAT BE?
WHY YOU AIN'T
EVEN
MARRIED!

THAT'S
WHUT
WORRIES
ME!

HOW CAN THAT BE?
WHY YOU AIN'T
EVEN
MARRIED!

THAT'S
WHUT
WORRIES
ME!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

A vintage illustration titled "JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE" in a stylized, mid-20th-century fashion. On the right, a woman with short dark hair, wearing sunglasses and a strapless polka-dot swimsuit, stands in profile, looking towards the left. To her left is a collection of clothing items laid out on a light blue background. At the top left is a long, flowing red dress with a dark strapless bodice and a large bow at the waist. Below it are two small red shoes. In the center is a bright orange cape with a large collar and a dark belt. Below the cape is a red and yellow outfit, possibly a jumpsuit or a two-piece set. At the bottom left are two green gloves. At the bottom right is a purple outfit with a large orange bow. A single green shoe is also visible near the woman's feet. The entire illustration is framed by a thin black border.

JANE ARDEN

A. Warner, Editor and Publisher, N.Y. N.Y.

AS THE SON-CROOK FELIX GALT HIDES BEHIND A PAPER WHILE HE IS LOOKED FOR--



YES--HE ROBBED ME AND TIED ME UP

SOME NERVE

WELL HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED US--



BUT HE CAME THIS WAY!!



I DON'T SEE HOW A MAN COULD VANISH LIKE THAT!!



WELL I DON'T THINK HE CAME THIS WAY

VERY ODD, OFFICER!!



HA!! SHE'S STILL AFTER THE "RUNNING" MAN!! HA!! HA!!



MOVE ON!!

I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT ALL THIS!!

WELL HAF TA BREAK IT UP LADY!!



WHAT A MAN OVER THERE WITH A PAPER IS VERY DIFFERENT!!



C-CAN A MAN READ A PAPER?

PUNNY--HE WASN'T CURIOUS LIKE THE REST!!

THAT'S IT!! HE VANISHED BEHIND HIS PAPER



HEY TAXI!!

GOING CENTRAL STATION BUDDY!!



POOR DINK! GOT SOME SILLY IDEAS!!

YO MEAN THEN MOTHER-IN-LAW NOTIONS?



DON'T LAFF AT DREAMS LENA--THEY'LL HIT YOU!!

HA!! I DON'T BELIEVE IN 'EM!!



SHH!! DON'T TALK SO! TOWN SIGNS IS SERIOUS

BOSH!! I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID!!



WOULD YE WALK EVEN UNDER A LADDER?

SURE LOOK AT ME!!



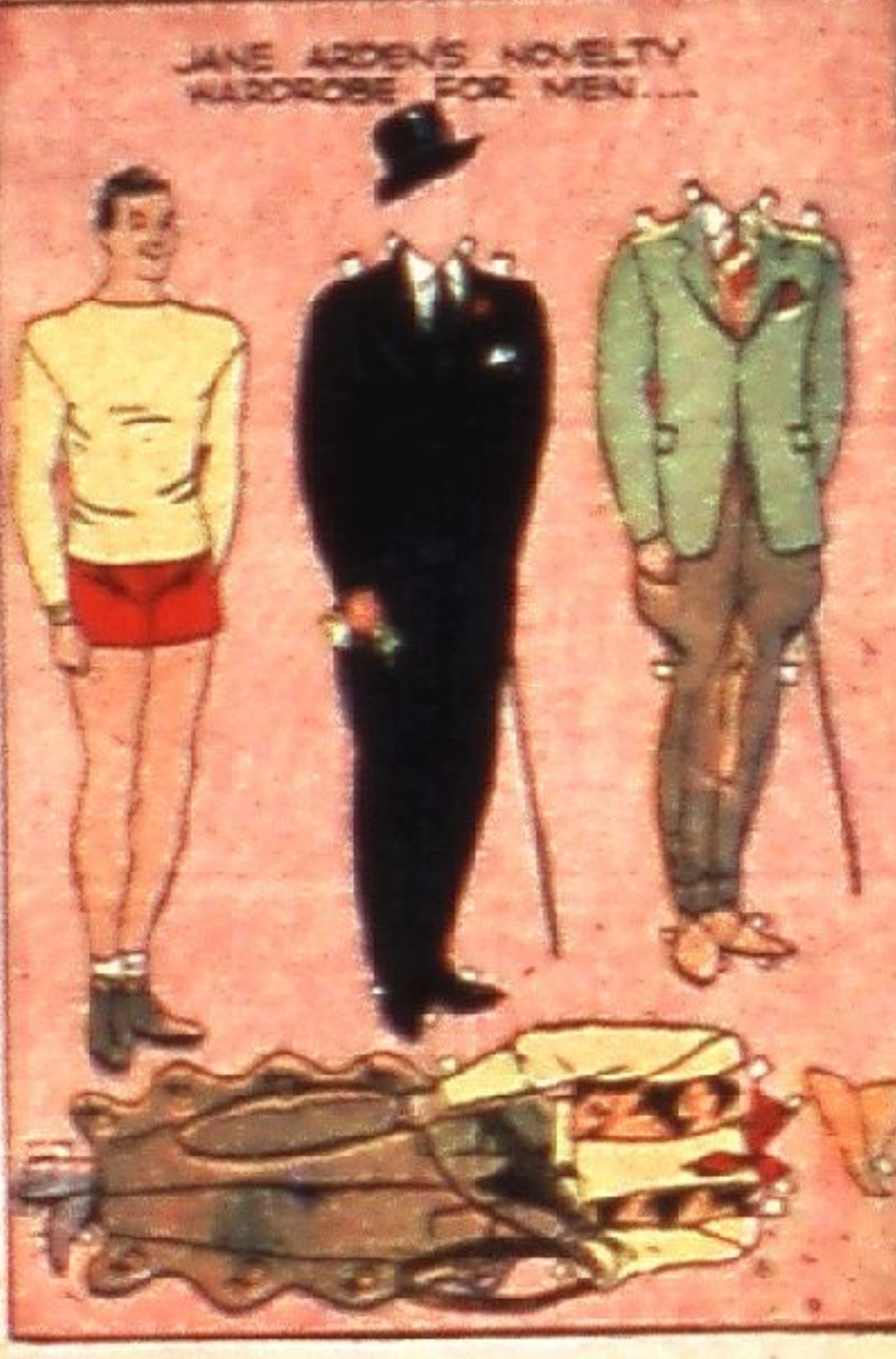
CAREFUL! THAT GALT LOOK DUTY!!

WELL I'M TIPPIN'!!

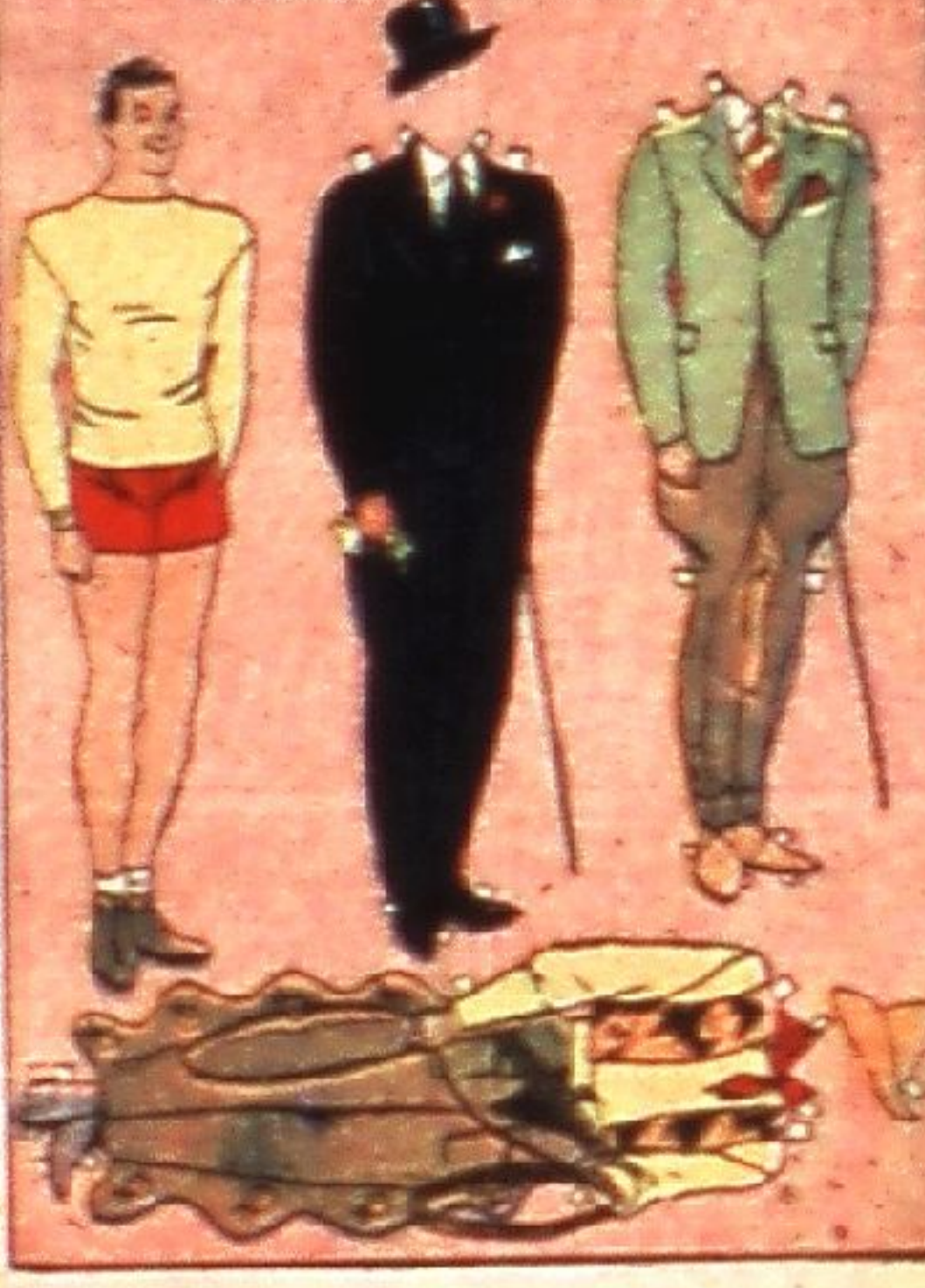
SEE?



HAW!! YE WOULDN'T LUSSEN TA ME!!

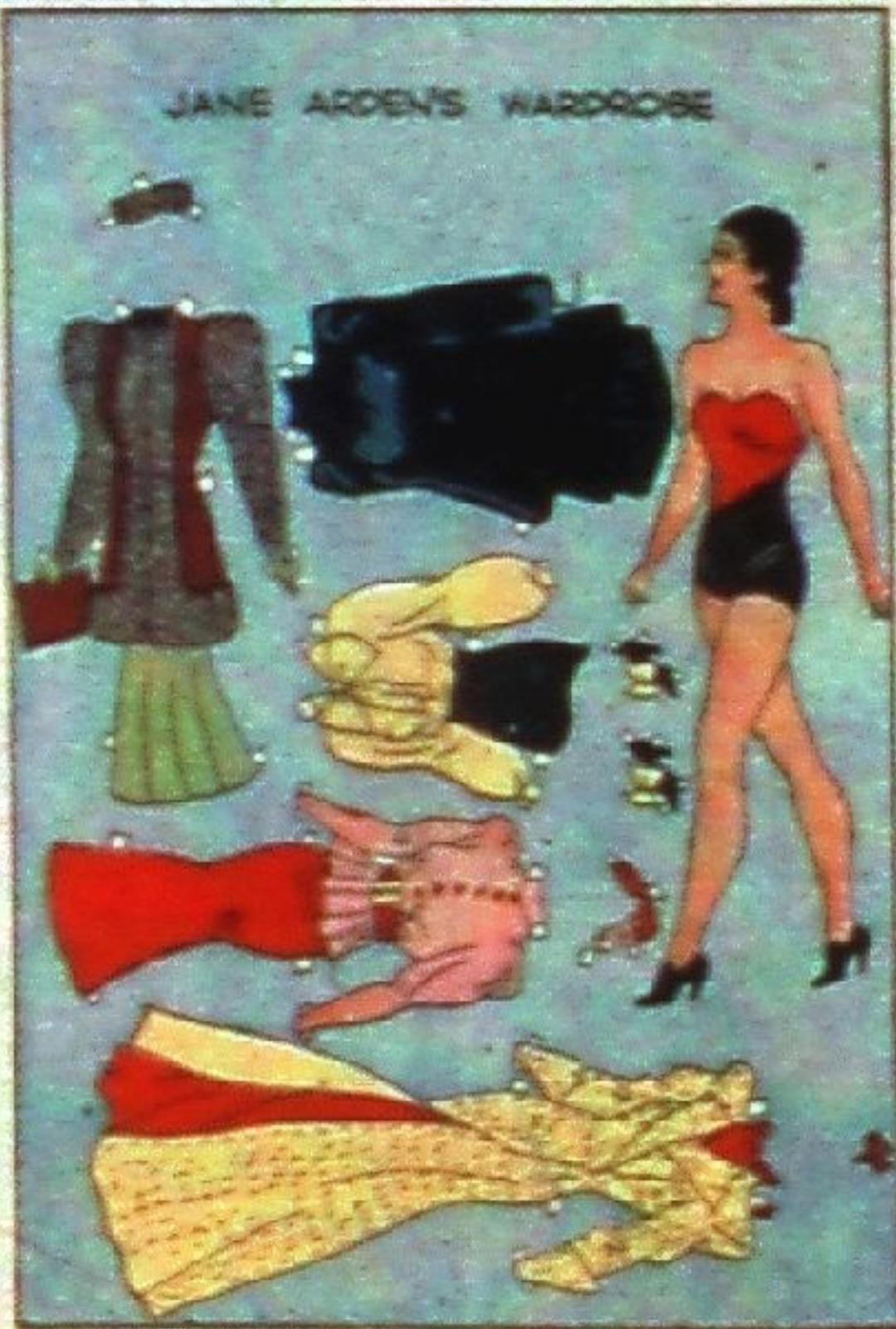


JANE ARDEN'S NOVELTY WARDROBE FOR MEN....





WHY GRAND CENTRAL STATION LADY!





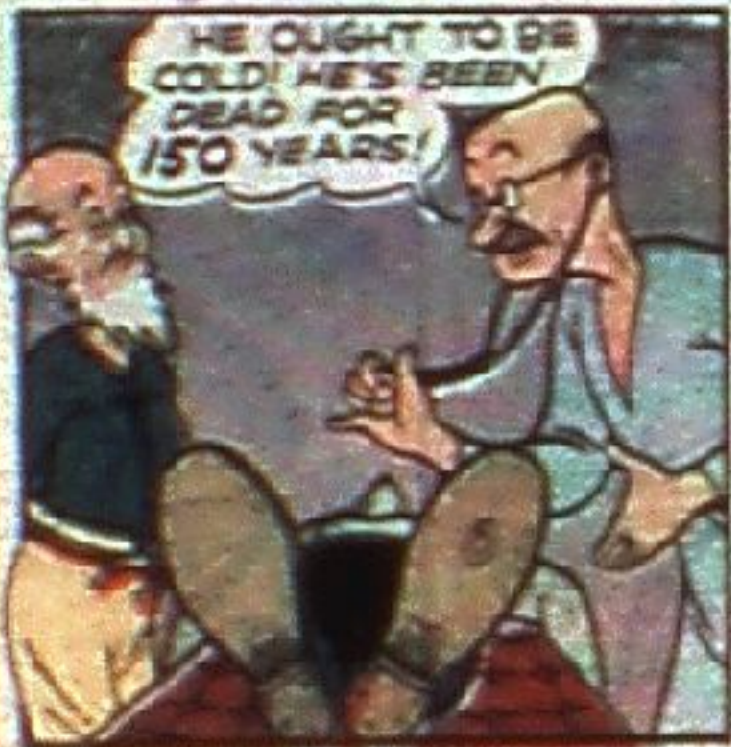
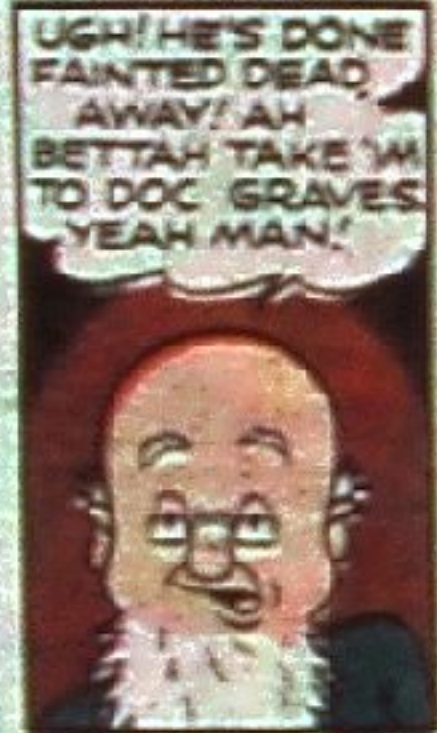
SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

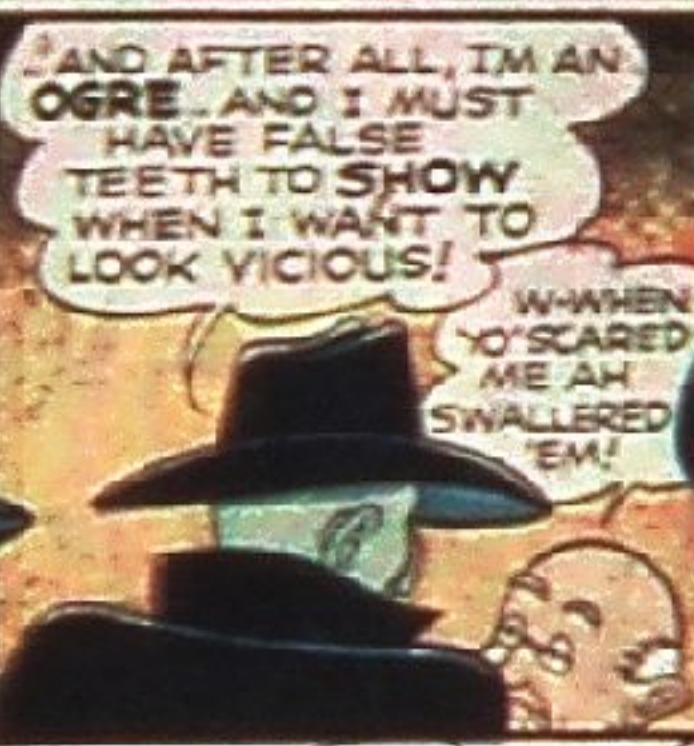
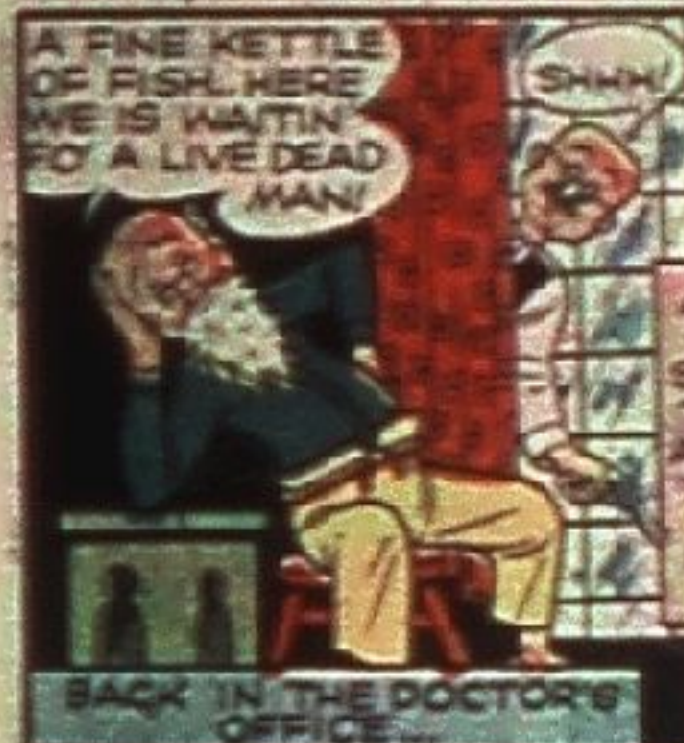
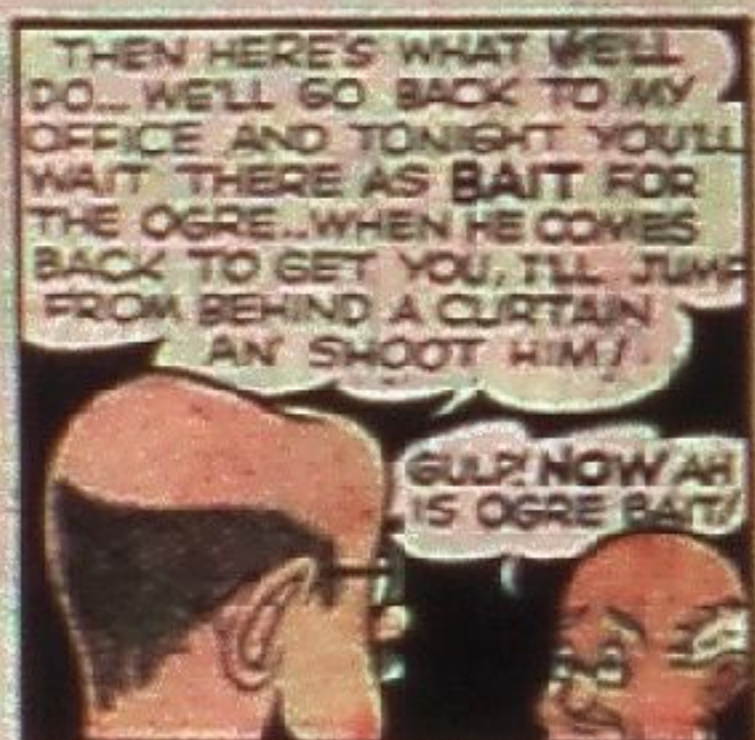
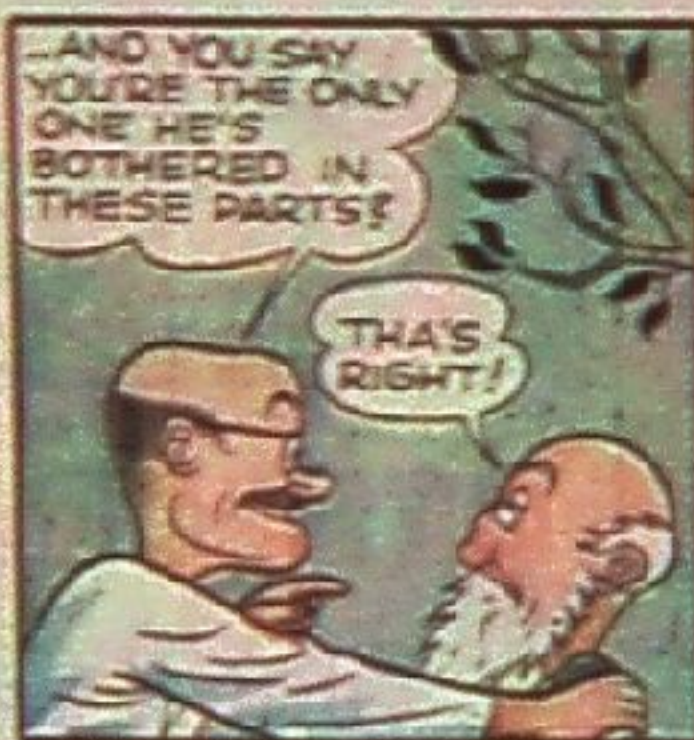
by GILL FOX

MANY STRANGE, COFFIN-SHAPED BOXES HAVE RECENTLY BEEN MOVED INTO A HOUSE NEAR PAPPY'S MOUNTAIN HOME... IT IS RUMORED THAT A SHADY OGRE MAKES THIS HIS ABODE...



AND UNWARE THAT THE GHOST-LIKE OGRE CAN LIVE ONLY AT NIGHT, PAPPY TALKS ON AND ON INTO EARLY MORNING.





LEE

PRESTON

by **Terrence Priddy**

of the
RED CROSS

DESIGNED TO THE WAR-TORN FIELDS OF FRANCE,
LEE DAILY FERRIES MEDICAL SUPPLIES FROM ONE
HOSPITAL BASE TO ANOTHER IN THE BATTLE AREA.

DAY AND NIGHT THE PLUCKY GIRL
CARRIES OUT HER MISSION OF
MERECY.



I'M SO TIRED, I HAVEN'T SLEPT
FOR TWO DAYS, BUT I MUST
KEEP ON. GREAT HEAVENS!
I'M COMPLETELY
OFF MY
COURSE!



SUDDENLY TWO BITTLING PLANES
ROCKET FROM THE CLOUDS ABOVE



HALF ASLEEP LEE DESPERATELY
SWERVES TO AVOID THE VICIOUS
TAIL OF LEAD.



THIS PLANE
HANDLES SO
SLUGGISHLY! OH!
THAT SHIP'S
GOING TO HIT
ME!



JUST MANAGING TO OPEN THE
COCKPIT DOOR, LEE IS HURTLED
THROUGH SPACE AS THE PURSUIT
SHIP PLINGS INTO HER.



ROCKED BY THE GENTLE SWAYING
OF HER PARACHUTE, SHE FALLS
DEAD ASLEEP.



LANDING GENTLY THE SLEEPING
GIRL IS FOUND BY A TYROLIAN
SHEPHERD.



THE NEXT MORNING

W-WHERE AM I?
WHO ARE
YOU?

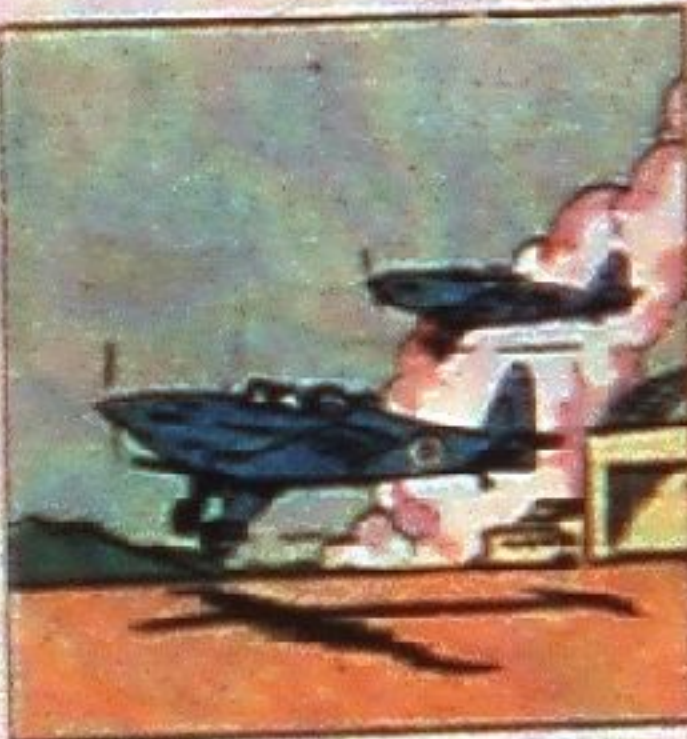
I AM GENERAL
MILLER. YOU ARE
IN A PRISON
HOSPITAL.





MEANWHILE AT AN ENEMY AIR-
DROME SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

TAKE UP YOUR FLIGHT HASTINGS.
IF YOU RUN ACROSS THE ENEMY
SHOOT FIRST! THAT'S ALL...
CHEERO!



HIGH OVER THE MOUNTAINS LEE
SUDDENLY NOTICES THE WING CO-
ORDINATES BEGINNING TO RIP...



WITH INVISIBLE FINGERS THE WIND
SWITCHES THE RED CROSS MARK-
INGS AWAY REVEALING THE BLACK
ENEMY BAND...



ENEMY PLANE
BELOW! PREPARE
TO DIVE!



I'VE GOT MY
ORDERS!



TIPPING OVER THE FLIER SENDS
HIS PLANE INTO A POWER DIVE...



MACHINE GUNS READY TO CHATTER THEIR SONG OF DEATH! THE PLANE
ROARS DOWN... THE PILOT CENTERING LEE'S PLANE IN HIS SIGHTS!



ENEMY PLANES!! I'M A
DEAD GOOSE, UNLESS... I'VE
GOT IT!



PUSHING BACK THE COCKPIT
COVERING LEE RIDES HER HELMET
OFF AND LETS HER LONG HAIR FLY
IN THE WIND...



HEY! WHAT THE-? THAT'S A GIRL! THAT
MUST BE THAT AM-
ERICAN GIRL WHO
IS FLYING FOR THE
RED CROSS!



AT THE LAST MOMENT THE ENEMY
SWERVE OFF, LEAVING LEE
FREE TO GO ON.



THANKS, BOYS! I AM GLAD I
ONLY CHANGED MY HAIR-DO
INSTEAD OF CUTTING IT
LIKE I FIRST
PLANNED!



BUT HIGH ABOVE
APPEAR FRIENDLY
PLANES OF THE
NATION WHOSE
GENERAL LEE IS
CARRYING.



THE NEW ARRIVALS
DIVE UPON THEIR
ENEMY GROUP.



AND LEE IS IN THE THICK OF
THE SCRAP.



BUT SHE MANAGES TO PULL
OUT..



WOW! THEY PLAY
TOO ROUGH
FOR ME!



RETURNING TO HER COURSE, LEE
SOON ENDS HER TRIP, NONE THE
WORSER FOR HER ADVENTURE.



YOU HAVE DONE WELL. HERE IS
THE OTHER HALF OF YOUR
PASSPORT. A CAR IS WAITING
TO TAKE YOU TO THE BELGIAN
BORDER.



GOODBYE, MADAM—
NEXT TIME DON'T FLY SO
CLOSE TO THE
BATTLEFRONT!



HARDLY ABLE TO WAIT TO GET
AWAY, LEE GETS IN THE CAR
AND IS WHISKED OFF.



AH! IT FEELS GOOD TO BE
GOING BACK! FREE AT LAST!
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR
ME. I'M GOING
HOME!



THE DOOR OF DEATH

BY LARRY SPAIN

Fog crept across the moors like clammy ghosts. The single lamp in front of Blecker's Inn was a jaundiced eye, flickering balefully. A fine mist fell; it would turn to rain soon because this was the month of storms. A bad night for the Plympton stage to be setting forth.

Blecker's Inn was three hundred years old, but it looked to Eric Vale nearer a thousand. Low beams straggled across the ceiling, dust-laden. A huge fireplace at one end of the big room gave forth a wan cheer. A fat iron pot bubbled merrily over the flames, giving off a savory aroma of stew.

So this, thought Eric, was the north of England—rural England. A century behind the world. And this tavern—how many royal personages had found shelter here in the days long past? Kings, queens, nobles . . . Funny, he thought, it was to be the rendezvous of two famous people this very night! Two people with death close at their heels!

Eric straightened in his chair and watched the lid of the pot dance as steam escaped. Yes, tonight these two beloved persons might die. Might! But it was his job to see that they lived. In his hand rested two lives. In his hand reposed the fate of a vast empire!

Eric dozed a bit. He did not know when they would arrive. They would arrive by plane to this inn. From here no planes were forbidden to fly. This was because London—all important cities in England—were under strict black-out orders. And it was between

Blecker's and the Plympton railway that the assassins would strike at the royal couple.

According to Scotland Yard operatives, Eric Vale's deductions were quite wrong. These astute detectives had advised that the royal pair should continue to Plympton in a darkened plane. But Eric had been commissioned to protect their lives on this trip. He had flown from California to England for the duty. And his plane, after checking everything, had been directly opposite to that of the famous Yard sleuths.

Eric wondered if these men knew of the hidden anti-aircraft guns between Blecker's Inn and Plympton. The assassins, manning them, waited in the darkness to fire upon any plane that ventured forth that night. They had powerful searchlights and mechanical "ears" attuned to catch the sound of a plane's engines.

So Eric had advised that his charges should come as far as the old inn and continue their trip via the rattletrap stage coach that still plied between this point and the railway, twenty-odd miles across the muddy moors. Yes, royalty would ride the common stage this night! And Eric would ride along. The assassins would never think that a king and queen were huddled in the decrepit carriage . . .

A creaking sound brought young Eric erect. Yes, the stage was arriving. He hurried outside. The rain had started falling and a wind was coming up. It would be a bad night over the moors. As he stood watching a single passenger slight

and hurry into the inn, he heard the drone of a plane's motors. Perfectly timed! They would not enter the inn; they would bundle themselves directly into the stage and be off. That had been Eric's orders.

In a few minutes three muffled figures detached themselves from the wet gloom and paused momentarily in the wan glare of the inn's light. A tall man, a slender woman, a lackey laden with bags and boxes. Eric nodded without saying a word. The tall man bowed briefly. Then the three stepped into the carriage. Eric followed. The driver clicked to his horses and they were off, fast, with little sound because the thick



mud muffled the noise of the wheels.

The king of Bulravia spoke:

"Eric Vale, I cannot tell you how thankful we are." His voice was low, cultured, slightly accented.

Eric said, "Your Highness, it is my pleasure. Yet I regret that this poor carriage must serve—"

The queen laughed softly. "No regrets, young man! This is Cinderella's carriage to us!"

"Strange, is it not," said the king, "that we must send so far-off America for a protector? When England's famed Scotland Yard is all about?"

"I am honored, your Highnesses,"
said Eric. "I will do my best."

"We know that," replied the king. "We ask nothing more."

Stranger still, thought Eric, that the death of these two people could easily throw several great nations into a terrific conflict—nations still neutral, albeit their neighbors were at each other's throats.

That was war. Senseless massacre of innocent people. Murder and bloodshed and destruction. And for what? Not one of those struggling nations could give the answer!

The stage rolled on, lurching in the bogs, creaking now and then when a particularly deep rut caused the ancient vehicle to twist. There was one small hamlet between Blecker's Inn and Plympton — a scattering of a dozen cottages where some miners and their families lived in semi-squalor.

An hour had passed when the stage rolled through the single "street" of this village. They were almost through when the driver spoke to his horses and the carriage came to a stop. Eric wondered about this. Who would be out on a night like this? A miner, perhaps, going to Plympton for a doctor . . .

Then Eric saw a man carrying a dim lantern approach the carriage door. He opened it, got in. He found the one remaining seat and placed his lantern between his feet for warmth. Eric couldn't make out his features; they were muffled in a ~~great~~ coat and a felt hat was pulled low over his forehead. The coach started.

The newcomer said not a word. And of course, Eric knew, the presence of the royal couple was unsuspected. A half hour passed and the lurching of the stage made Eric a little drowsy. The lackey had long ago fallen into deep slumber, and Eric suspected that the queen, too, slept.

Only once, did the newcomer
move a mile or so back he had

glanced briefly at a luminous-dial wrist watch. But now he reached down and turned up the flame of his lantern as if for increased warmth. The flame flared up brightly and with a startled grunt the man hurled the lantern out the carriage window. It exploded with a dull thoomp.

It struck Eric as a bit strange. And yet, it had been the natural thing to do. One wouldn't sit nursing an exploding oil lantern.

^ Ten minutes passed in silence. Then Eric thought he heard the drone of an airplane far overhead. Yes, it was! A moment later a series of sharp explosions shook the carriage. Just as he had thought. The hidden anti-aircraft gunmen were firing upon the dark plane. So



be it. They would doubtless bring it down, but they would find no king nor queen aboard. They would not even find a pilot! Deekin, Eric's master electrician, had seen to that. Eric had given him orders to send the plane up at a certain time. The ship was radio-controlled. It would take the assassins some time to discover their error . . .

They must be, thought Eric, close to Plympton by now. The rain fell in sheets and an occasional flash of lightning lit up the dreary landscape.

Suddenly the carriage gave a violent lurch. The front end and left side settled at a sharp angle and came to a halt. The lackey woke up with a mumbled sound. The newcomer sat silent, hunched in his corner, which was the lower one now.

[illegible][illegible]

What had happened? Eric wondered. Why didn't the driver go on? There was no sound from his box. The horses might have been ghosts. Eric called up to the driver. There was no answer.

The stranger spoke: "I think we're stuck in a bog; it's only a few hundred yards into Plympton. The driver can hardly hear in this howling storm." Eric thought the man had an odd accent.

The stranger opened the door and the lackey stepped out. The king was next. But in a brilliant flash of lightning Eric saw something that turned him cold. He grabbed the king.

"Stop!" he cried. Then he opened the door on the other side of the vehicle. "Please get out this way," he said. He himself first stepped out. The king and queen followed. Eric drew his pistol, covered the stranger. "You'll come with me," he said. And to the royal couple:

"It was a trick. This man is an assassin. He threw the lantern as a signal. The driver and horses were shot purposely at this exact spot. If you'd got out the other door, you'd have dropped a hundred feet into a ravine."

CRIME IN ICE
ANOTHER ERIC VALE THRILLER
APPEARS IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE
of CRACK COMICS ON SALE
AUG. 30th

WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man of Science

TALKING LIGHT

WIZARD WELLS, FORMER ALL-AMERICAN HALFBACK HAS NOW BECOME OUR FOREMOST INVENTOR ACCIDENTALLY SOING INTO CRIMINOLOGY, HE HAS SOLVED CASE AFTER CASE THRU HIS KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE... AND THE DUBIOUS HELP OF "TUG" HIS PUNCH-DRUNK HELPER.

EXTORTION RUNS RIG IN A METROPOLIS. ALL BUSINESS PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE RACKETEER...

SO YOU WON'T PAY, HUH?

BRUTAL BEATINGS TAKE PLACE.

AND MURDER TOO

BUT THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS!

WIZARD WELLS ISN'T! LOOK HOW HE BROKE UP MORRIS SHKEDOWN RACKET!

LET'S SEE WELLS!

FINALLY, A DESPERATE GROUP OF BUSINESS MEN GATHER TOGETHER

VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN! I'LL LISTEN TO YOU BUT I PROMISE NOTHING!

YOU CAN'T TURN US DOWN, WELLS!

YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE!

THE NEXT NIGHT, THE COMMITTEE CALLS ON WIZARD WELLS

BUT, IF "RAGS" ROLLIN IS BEHIND ALL THIS, HAVE HIM ARRESTED!

WE'VE TRIED THAT! HE HAS TOO MUCH POLITICAL PULL!

A HALF HOUR LATER

POLITICAL INFLUENCE, EH? WITH WHOM? DO YOU KNOW?

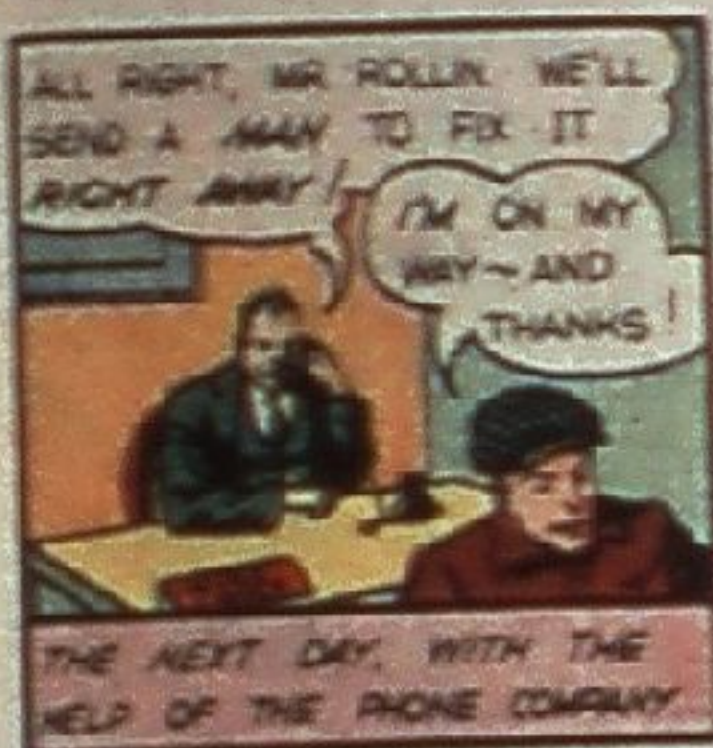
WE KNOW IT'S CAL KEARNEY, BUT TRY TO PROVE IT!

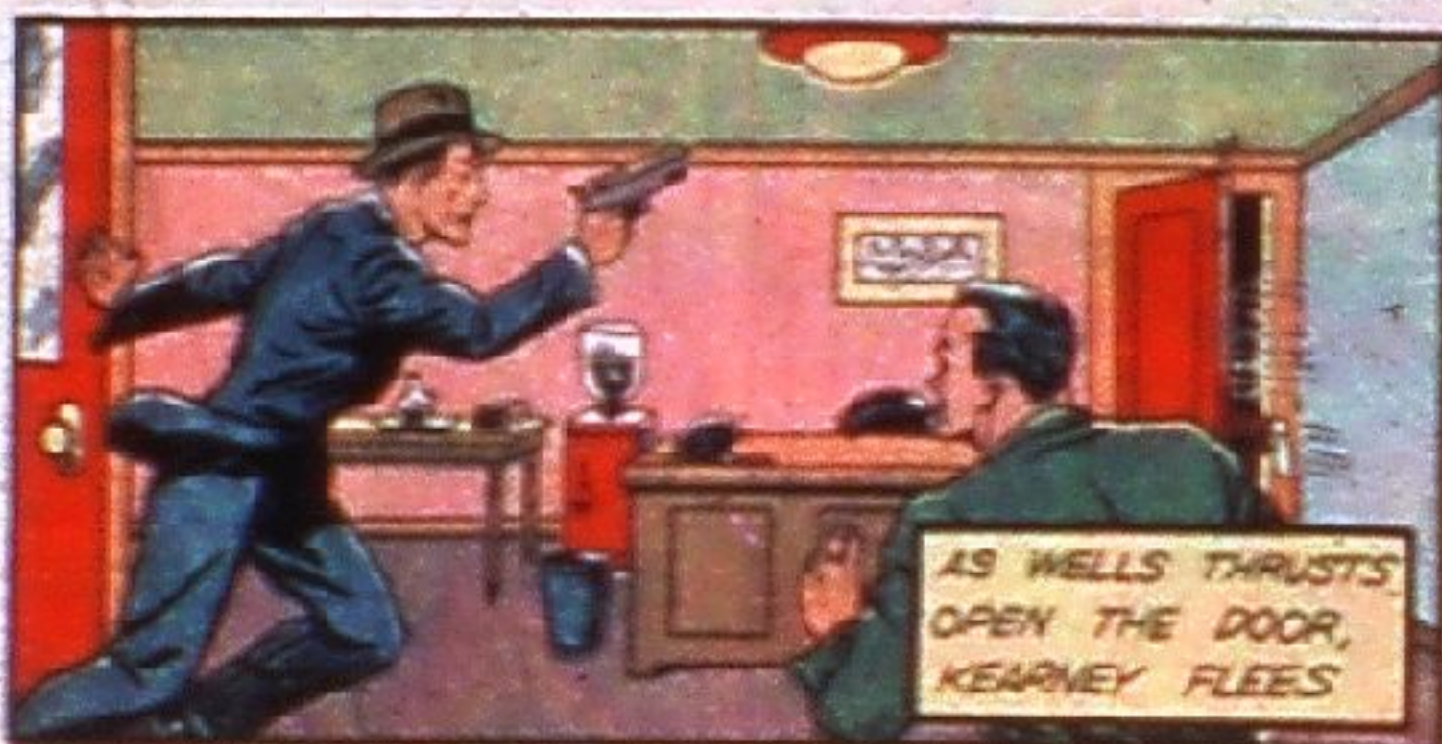
WE KNOW CAL'S BEING AND OFF PROBABLY IN ROLLIN'S OFFICE. BUT KNOWING ISN'T PROOF!

WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE

AND, SMITH, AS SOON AS I HAVE ANYTHING TO REPORT, I'LL TELEPHONE YOU.

THANKS, WELLS.





SMITH? WELLS SPEAKING!
I HAVE ROLLIN HERE. BRING
YOUR COMMITTEE OVER,
RIGHT AWAY!



BACK IN WELLS' LABORATORY

GENTLEMEN, IF YOU WILL GET
KEARNEY OVER HERE, AND SOME
POUCEMEN, I THINK YOUR
TROUBLES ARE OVER.



A HALF HOUR LATER, THE
BUSINESS MEN ARRIVE.

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE SENSIBLE
KEARNEY. WE'LL EXPECT YOU
IN 20 MINUTES.



AFTER SOME INTENSIVE PHONING

YOU GOT THE GOODS ON
ROLLIN? DON'T MAKE ME
LAUGH...WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY
WIZARD WELLS SAID SO-WE'LL
BE RIGHT OVER!



AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

AH, TUG. YOU GOT THE
RECORDING? AND
DID KEARNEY
DRINK SOME
WATER?



AND HOW
BOSS. AN' THE
RECORD'S A
LULU!

KEARNEY, I HAVE ASKED YOU
HERE TO LISTEN TO
A DEMONSTRATION.



SO THIS IS WHAT YOU
GOT ME OVER HERE
FOR- FOOLISHNESS!

AFTER KEARNEY AND
THE POLICE ARRIVE

ALL RIGHT, TUG! TURN IT
ON!



HERE'S YOUR TEN GRAND FOR
THE WEEK, CAL. AND SAY, CAN'T
YOU GET THE COPS TO LIE OFF
MY BOYS IN THE TENTH PRECINCT
...I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, RAGS.
QUIET! THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE
THE DOOR, KEARNEY.
I'M SCRAMMIN'
RAGS.

A PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE SCRATCHES,
AND MEN'S VOICES ARE HEARD

NOW, KEARNEY, I SUPPOSE
YOU DENY THIS IS A RECORD
OF A CONVERSATION
BETWEEN YOU AND
RAGS ROLLIN, IN
HIS OFFICE
TONIGHT.

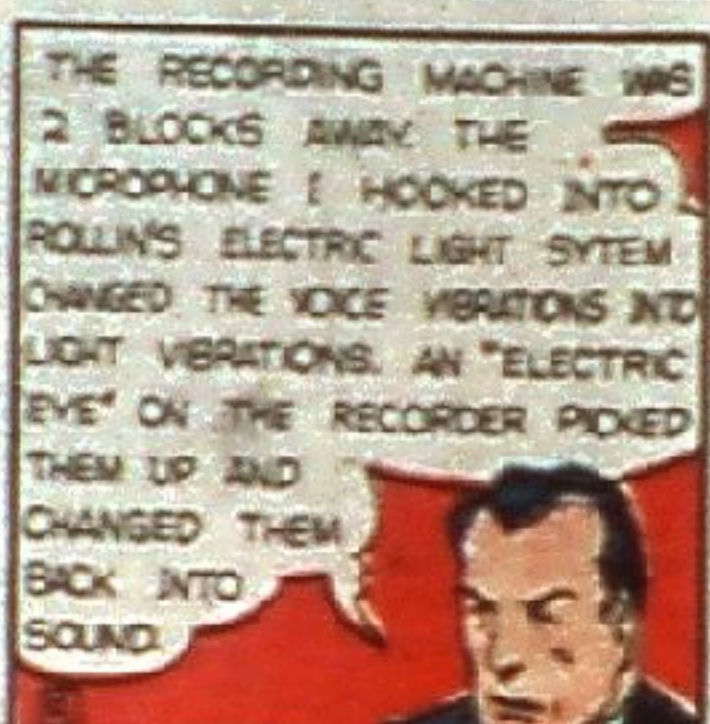
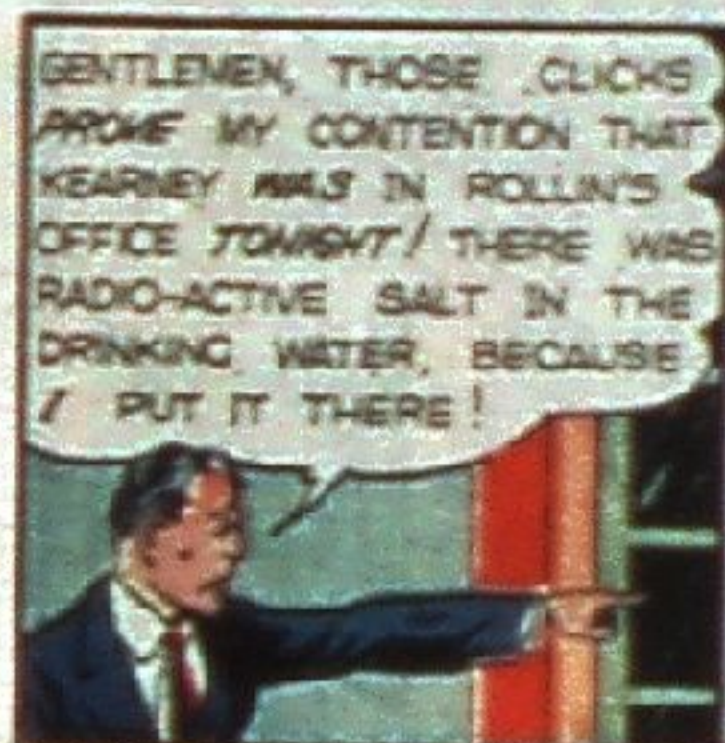


I SURE
DO DENY
IT!

KEARNEY WASN'T ANYWHERE
NEAR MY OFFICE TONIGHT,
WELLS. IF THAT'S ALL
YOU GOT...



JUST A
MINUTE, RAGS!



OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.



CRACK COMICS IS THE "TOPS" IN MONTHLY COMIC MAGAZINES.

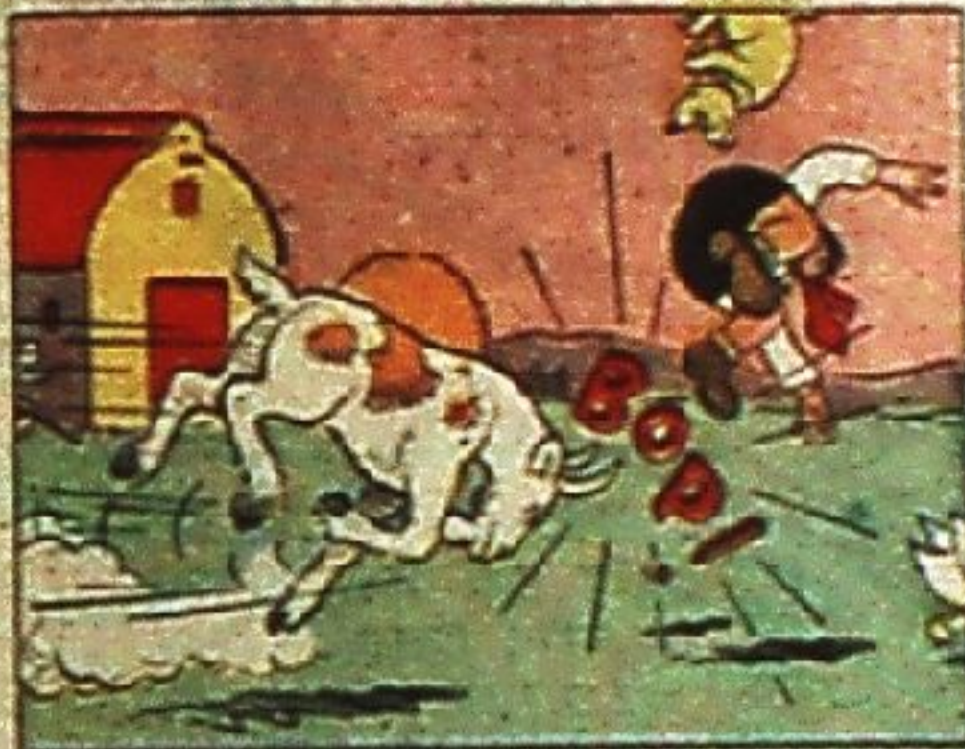
SNAPPY

HEY, SIS,
THE PAPER
SAYS IT'LL BE
SWELL OUT
TODAY— LET'S
GO ON A
PICNIC!

ARTIST
GEORGE

THAT WAS A
GRAND IDEA,
SNAP— OUTINGS
ARE ALWAYS
FUN!





FOLLOW SNAPPY IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS - ON SALE AUGUST 30TH.

THE CLOCK

TWO AGAINST
ALL THAT IS EVIL...
OUTNUMBERED BUT
NEVER OUTFOUGHT, BRIAN
O'BRIEN, WHO PLAYS THE
ROLE OF THE CLOCK,
AND HIS RECKLESS TWO-
FISTED PAL, "PUG"
BRADY, FIGHT AN
UNENDING WAR
AGAINST
CRIME--

DEATH FLIES
OUT OF THE SKY--
DEATH, DEALT BY
A SUPER CRIMINAL
KNOWN AS THE "JAY
BIRD" WHO SWOOPS
DOWN ON HIS VICTIMS
WITHOUT MERCY--
UNTIL FATE BRINGS
HIM FACE TO FACE
WITH THE CLOCK
IN MID-AIR----

by
GEORGE E. BRENNER

SKILLED HANDS SET IT
DOWN IN A PERFECT THREE-
POINT LANDING, AND TWO MEN
CLIMB OUT----

A SLEEK PLANE
APPROACHES A
CITY AIR-
PORT---

CHECK OVER
EVERYTHING, EH
"BUSY?"

YES, SIR.
MR. O'BRIEN!



AT THE SAME TIME A TINY SPECK APPEARS IN THE SKY—

SLOWLY IT BEGINS TO TAKE THE SHAPE OF A MAN—A MAN FLYING THROUGH SPACE—

AH! I'M NOT TOO LATE—THEY'RE STILL HANDLING THE GOLD!



AND THE 'JAY BIRD,' A CRIMINAL WHO SEEMS TO DEFY GRAVITY, IS ABOUT TO DIP AGAIN INTO CRIME—

SWOOPING DOWN, THE JAY BIRD ATTACKS THE GUARDS....



RIISING IN A ZIG-ZAG COURSE, THE JAY BIRD MAKES HIS ESCAPE AMID THE FLYING BULLETS OF THE POLICE, ATTRACTED TO THE SCENE BY THE GUY BATTLE....



BY THIS TIME THE CLOCK AND PUG HAVE ARRIVED HOME FROM THE AIRPORT---



WE'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE NEWS BULLETINS, PUG!

FLASH! ANOTHER ROBBERY WAS COMMITTED BY THE JAY BIRD TODAY, AS A RESULT OF THIS THREE TREASURY GUARDS LAY DEAD, AND AS USUAL THIS FLYING FIEND MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE--



FOR FURTHER DETAILS READ YOUR DAILY PAPER!

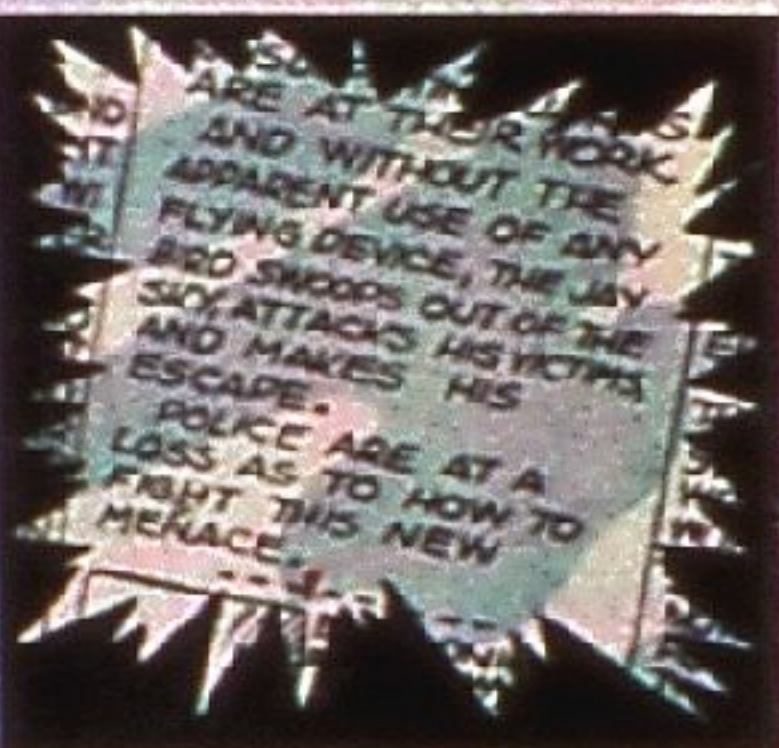


PUG--THE PAPERS! GET THEM!

AH--HERE'S AN ACCOUNT!



SAY-THIS IS A BIT ON THE FANTASTIC SIDE! READ THIS, PUG!

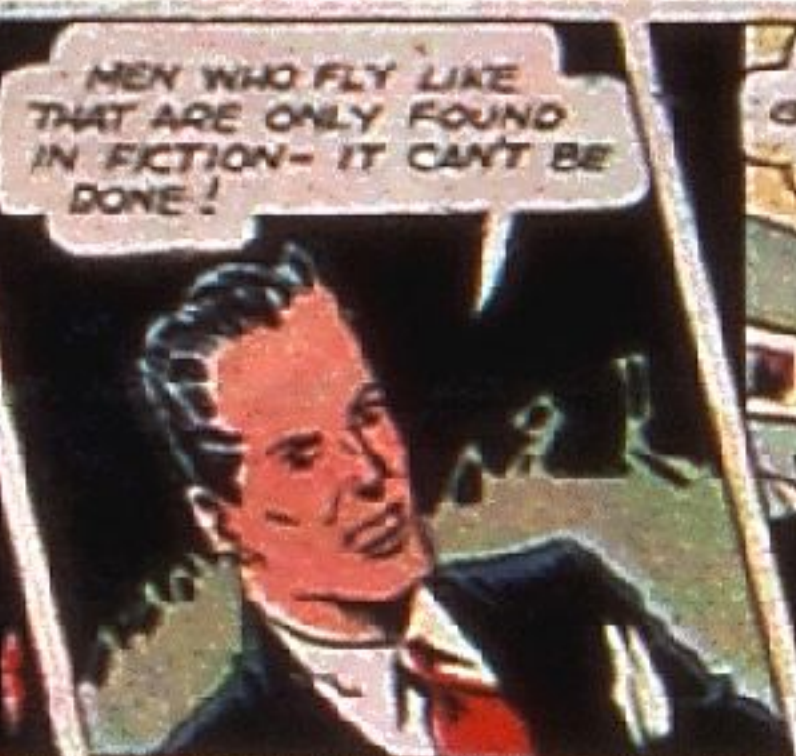


A CROOK THAT FLIES--WHAT'LL THEY BE DOING NEXT?

PUG, YOU KNOW THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



MEN WHO FLY LIKE THAT ARE ONLY FOUND IN FICTION--IT CAN'T BE DONE!



BUT THIS GUY IS DOING IT!

TRUE, AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT HOW, AND BRING HIM DOWN TO EARTH!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HIDE-OUT OF THE JAY BIRD---



SPIKE, TOMORROW WE'RE GOING AFTER SOME UNCUT 'ICE!

YEAH?

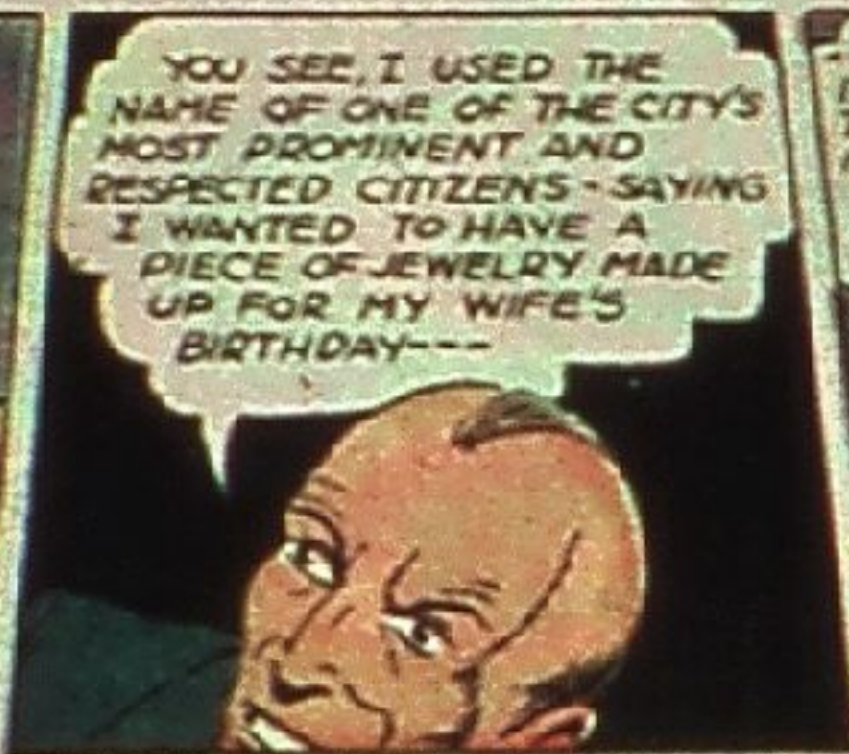
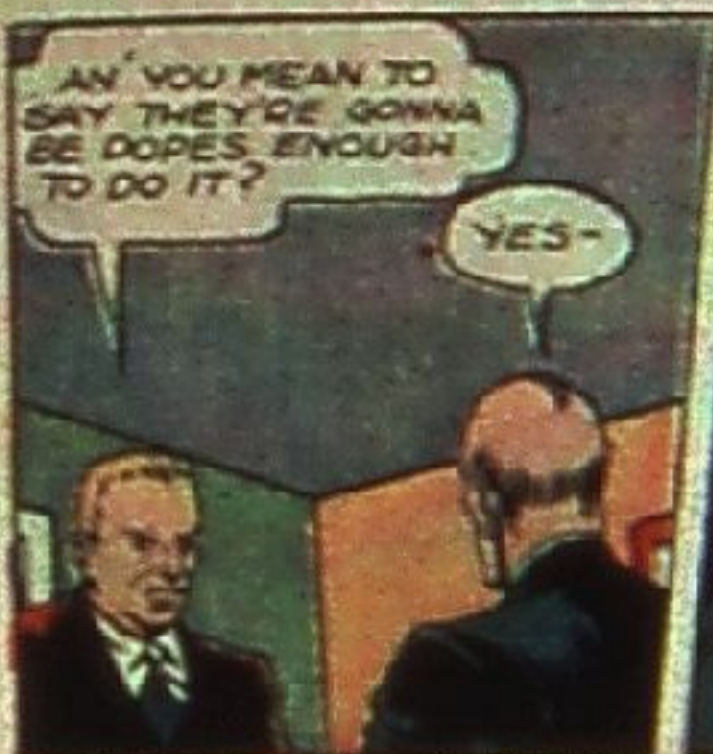
AN' HOW D'YOU KNOW THERE'S GONNA BE UNCUT 'ICE' WHERE YA CAN SHOOP DOWN ON IT?



I HAD TO TAKE THAT OPPORTUNITY--

--I CALLED UP CARTEER THE JEWELER AND ASKED THEM TO HAVE A REPRESENTATIVE MEET ME AT PARK AND ELM STREETS TOMORROW AT THREE, WITH A SELECTION OF LARGE UNCUT DIAMONDS--





THE NEXT DAY IN THE CLOCK'S APARTMENT--



AND AT 3 O'CLOCK A CRATEER REPRESENTATIVE WAITS FOR A CUSTOMER WHO WILL NEVER COME---



BY CHANCE, THE CLOCK APPROACHES PARK AND ELM---



AT THE SAME TIME THE JAY BIRD FLIES OUT OF THE SKY---



IN COLD BLOOD, HE SHOOT'S DOWN THE DIAMOND MERCHANT--



... SNATCHES THE CASE, AND IS OFF---



THE SHOTS ATTRACT THE CLOCK, BUT HE'S TOO LATE--



THROUGH HIS TELESCOPE HE WATCHES THE KILLER MAKE HIS ESCAPE--

SUDDENLY--

SO THAT'S HOW HE WORKS IT!

LATER--

DUG! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE!

YOU MEAN YOU SAW HIM?

YES-- AND I KNOW HOW HE WORKS!

HOW?

HE HANGS FROM A PLANE BY A FINE CABLE, THE TENSILE STRENGTH OF WHICH MUST BE VERY GREAT--

--AND HE PROBABLY SIGNALS TO THE PILOT THROUGH THAT SAME WIRE WHEN TO LOWER AND RAISE HIM!

SO FROM TOMORROW ON, YOU AND I ARE GOING TO LIVE IN OUR PLANE---

--WE'LL PATROL THE SKIES AND KEEP OUR RADIO TUNED FOR POLICE CALLS!

I GET IT--

THAT WAY WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIND OUT ABOUT WHERE HE'S WORKING!

AT THE SAME TIME, THE JAY BIRD PLANS ANOTHER CRIME--

SPIKE, TOMORROW A \$20,000 PAYROLL WILL BE DELIVERED TO THE ADAMS COMPANY AT NOON---

--WITH WHAT WE'VE GOT, AND THAT, WE'LL LAY LOW FOR AWHILE-- TAKE A LITTLE VACATION!

YOU MEAN WE'LL LAY LOW TILL THE 'HEAT' BLOWS OVER, DON'T YA, CHIEF.

THE NEXT DAY,
THE CLOCK
AND PUG
ARE FLYING
HIGH IN THE
HEAVENS--



THE CLOCK CRAWLS OUT
ON THE WING--



FOR A MOMENT HE STANDS
ERECT, AND THEN DIVES
AT THE SWAYING FIGURE--



AND HE GRABS THE KILLER ABOUT THE NECK--

THE TERRIFIC JERK DRAWS SPIKE'S ATTENTION TO THE SCENE BELOW--

AN' THERE'S A PLANE! I'LL SHOOT THAT DOWN FIRST!



SECURING THE CONTROLS, SPIKE LEAVES HIS SEAT AND STARTS FIRING AT DUG--AND THE BATTLE IS ON--



DUG'S SHOT TUMBLES THE RENEGADE PILOT OUT OF THE PLANE--



OH-OH! THAT SHIP'S PILOTLESS-- THAT MEANS THERE'S NO ONE TO HAUL THAT CABLE UP, AND THE BOSS'LL BE KILLED--- THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

DUG PULLS HIS PLANE ALONGSIDE THE PILOTLESS CRAFT, SCRAMBLES OUT ON THE WING---

--AND IN MID-AIR, JUMPS FROM ONE WING TO THE OTHER



INSIDE THE PLANE HE FINDS THE LEVER THAT WOUNDS THE CABLE, AND DRESSES IT--



GEE, BOSS, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER!

NO! BUT THIS BABY IS--



HEAD FOR THE LANDING FIELD, DUG, AND WE'LL HAVE THE DOUCE FIT UP A NICE CAGE AND CHANGE THIS JAY BIRD TO A JAIL BIRD!



MORE DARING ADVENTURES OF THE CLOCK IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS.

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For the first time you can now get
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Equipment includes substan-
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TYPE THIS SIZE

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When the postman
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move people, after the manner of Franklin, Greeley, etc.
EXPERIENCE WORTH \$100. Learning to print is worth a
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The Man
Who Can
Fly!



Each
Month
in

CRACK COMICS

Also
IN
CRACK
COMICS
EACH
MONTH

THE
CLOCK,
ALIAS THE SPIDER,
JANE ARDEN, THE
SPACE LEGION,
MADAM FATAL, NED
BRANT, WIZARD
WELLS ~ AND
MANY
OTHERS

THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Dressing ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighborhood. Match them hub to hub. And your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win hands down every time.

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